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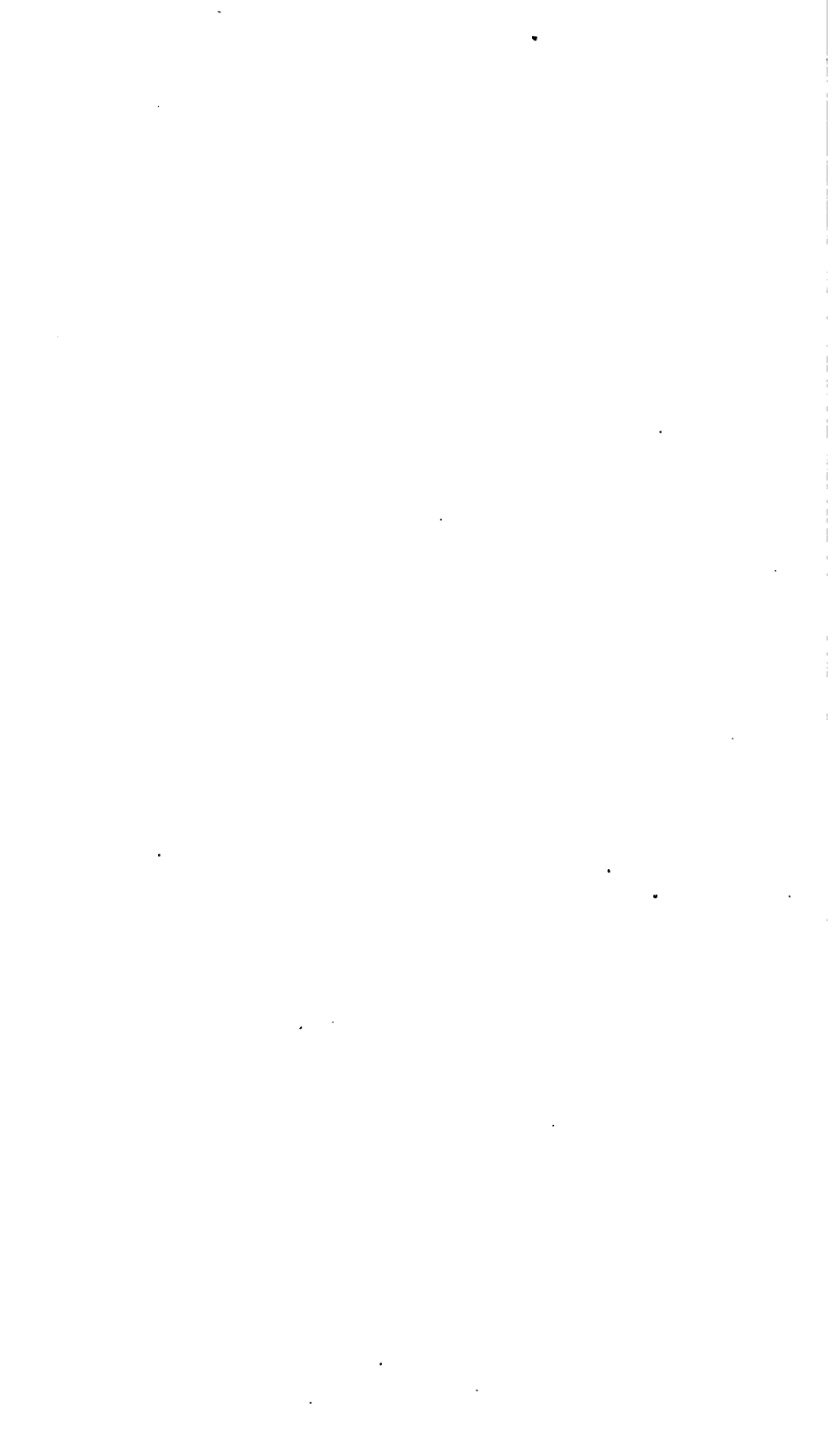


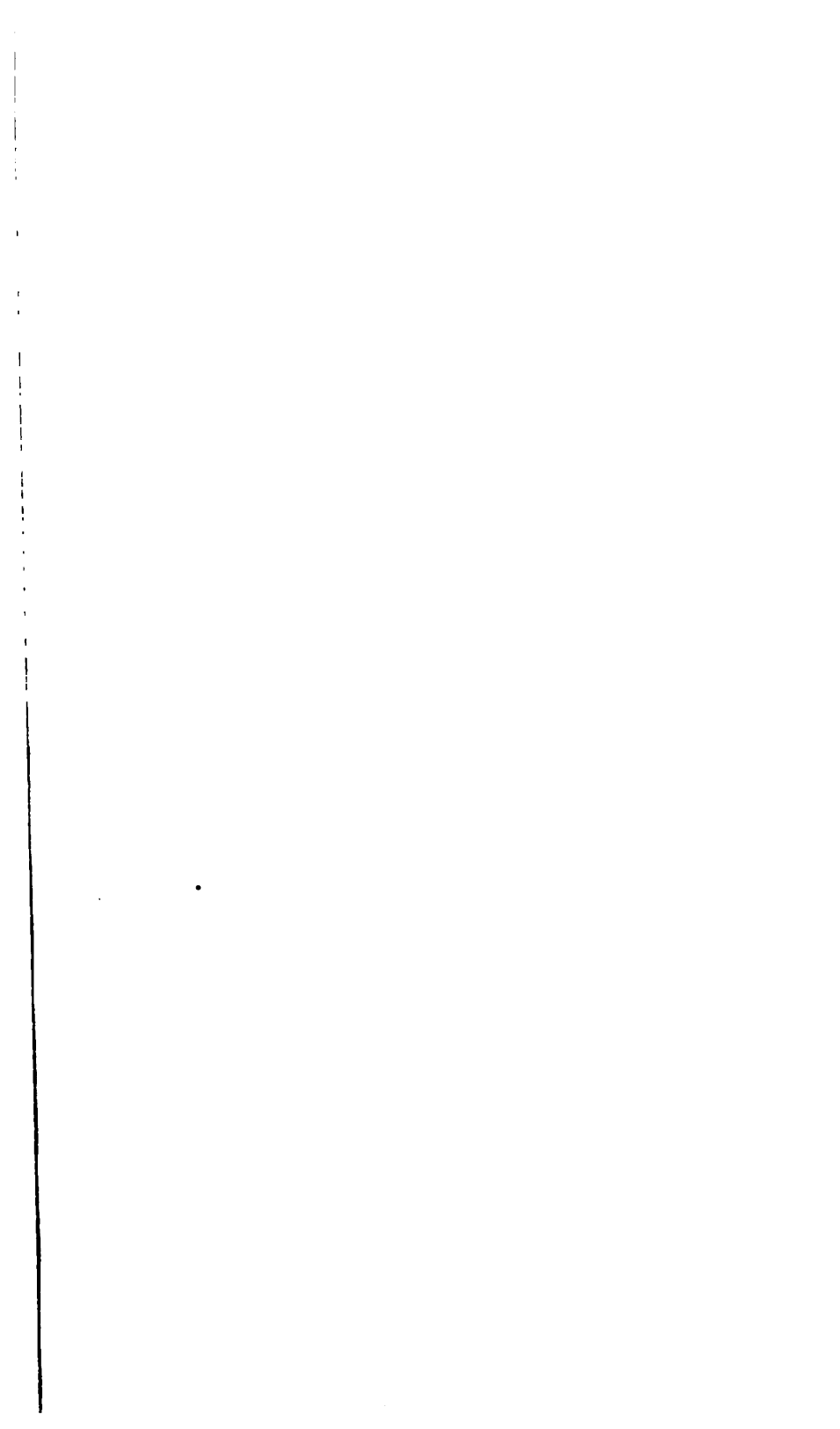
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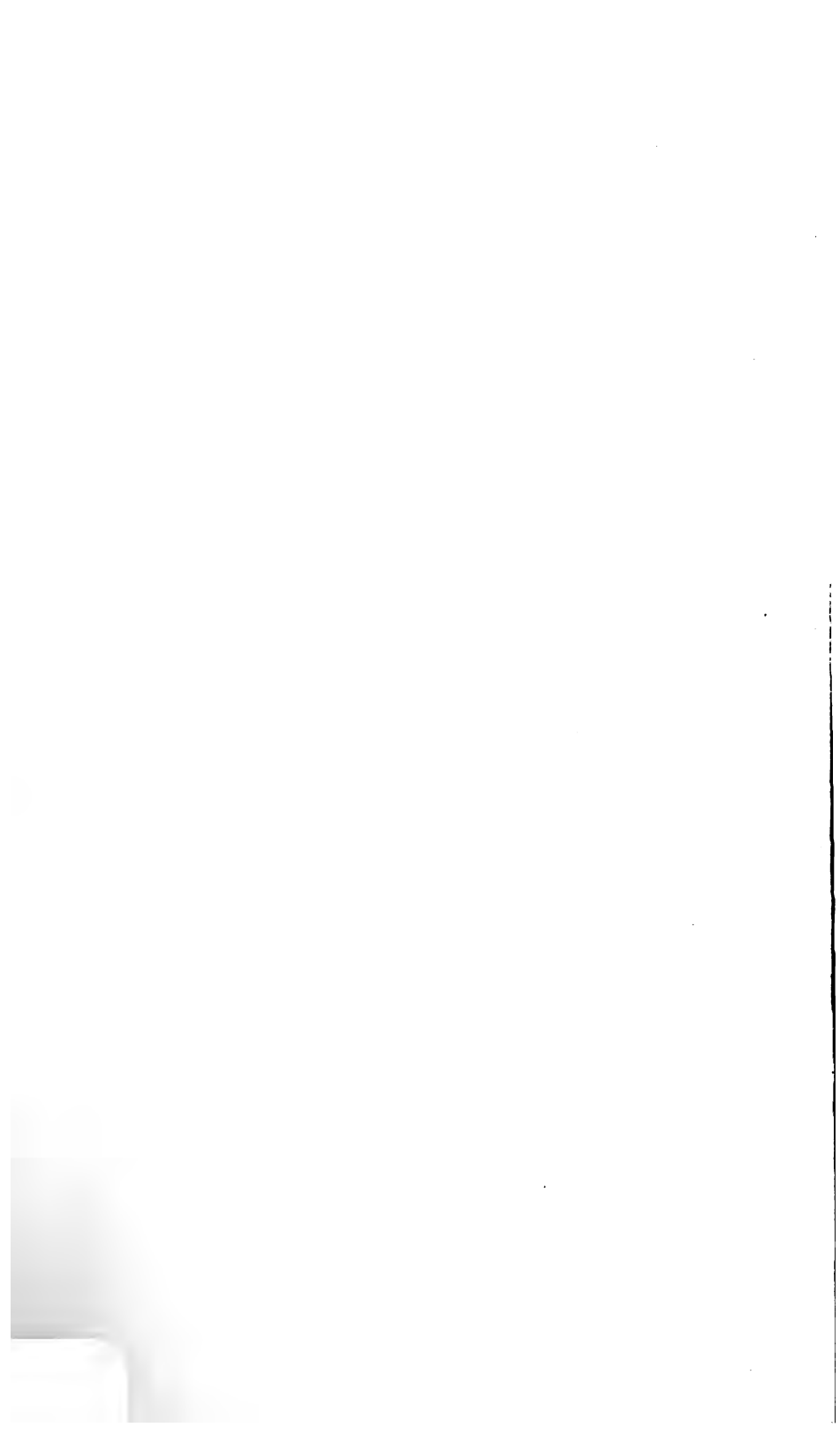
Under a vote of the President and Fellows
October 24, 1898











THE DIRECTOR.



THE DIRECTOR;

A WEEKLY LITERARY JOURNAL:

CONTAINING

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ON SUBJECTS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS AND
MANNERS.

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OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

III. ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ANALYSES OF THE LECTURES DELIVERED WEEKLY.

IV. BRITISH GALLERY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES EXHI-
BITED FOR SALE, WITH THE NAMES OF THE PUR-
CHASERS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM SAVAGE, BEDFORD BURY:

SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATER-
NOSTER ROW; J. HATCHARD, BOOKSELLER TO HER
MAJESTY, 190, PICCADILLY; AND W. MILLER, AL-
BEMARLE STREET.

1807.

P 149.1

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THE DIRECTOR.

NO. 13. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807.

Φανερόν, ὅτι δύναται ποιεῖν τι τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς ἥθος ἡ Μουσικὴ παρα-
σκευάζειν

ARIST.

*It is manifest that Music is capable of producing a
permanent effect, in forming the character of the soul.*

To the Director.

SIR,

THOSE persons certainly entertain a
very mean and degrading opinion of the
polite arts, who consider them merely as
subservient to amusement, or at most to
that cultivation of mind which,

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

THE history of the world evinces that
they have all a natural and close alliance

2 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

with morality and religion. The Muses, though not themselves goddesses, as the Heathen superstition made them, are handmaids even to the worship of the true God; and will be found in their most lovely appearance attending on the altar, and enlivening the energies of devotion. Of Music in particular, I am inclined to think, not only that her best, but that her most appropriate employment is of this kind; and that she is never so truly in her element, as when she is soothing the passions, or elevating the religious feelings, of human beings. As an art of imitation, Music, undoubtedly, ranks very low. Her resemblances are imperfect, but her sympathies are complete. She cannot paint a battle; but she can give dignity, and even sublimity, to the thanksgiving after it; nor can the difference be shewn more strongly, than by comparing the efforts made in each way. It is in proportion to the merit of the Battle of Prague, by Kotzwara, in comparison with the Dettingen Te Deum of Handel.

THE gratification which the sense of hearing receives from the immediate effect of sweet sounds, must, indeed, be allowed to be considerable ; and the human voice, above all instruments of sound, is so calculated to convey delight to the human sense, that perhaps no gratification of mere perception, is at all comparable to that, which is produced on well-formed ears by the notes of Farinelli, a Billington, or a Catalani. The natural melodies of the nightingale are heard with rapture by old and young, civilized and barbarous ; yet to shew how the moral feeling insinuates itself with Music, even when the singer is no moral agent, the poets have, with one consent, agreed to attribute passions to the nightingale, to which she doubtless is a stranger ; and have supposed that she laments her young, or laments herself ; though, probably, in those sounds, which we think plaintive, she only calls her mate, or gives vent to the liveliness of health. Yet the fiction vibrates on

4 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

the human heart, and therefore has always succeeded.

- Where the moral influence of Music is wholly disregarded, as in the case of those low professors, who degrade it into a trade, or of those unthinking dilettanti who give their whole time to it, as an idle and expensive luxury, nature seems to take revenge on the abuse, by joining with it a proportionable degradation of character ; and a profligate fiddler and a fiddling gentleman are very often fit company only for each other. But it is far otherwise with the inventors, or as they may rightly be styled the Powers of this divine art ; who frequently exemplify in their conduct the moral and religious effects, which they are accustomed so powerfully to communicate by their compositions. Examples might be cited in great numbers ; and probably the recollection of most readers will supply some from memory or observation. Suffice it to say that HANDEL

was as deeply religious in his mental habits, as he was devout in his sacred compositions; nor, except the foible of indulgence at the table, is any stigma left upon his memory.

I AM not prepared, with Scriblerus, to credit all that some of the ancients have told, respecting the moral influence of Music; nor do I expect it to quiet a mob, any more than to unite a broken bone. I am even willing to confess, that, under any state of society which we have witnessed, or can readily conceive, the refinement of the Lacedæmonians, in making it penal to add a new string to the lyre, as a species of luxury, or an engine of corruption, appears as much too delicate, as the total neglect of such tendencies is too unfeeling. But that, on minds already well disposed, much effect of a moral, and still more of a religious kind, may be produced by Music, is a proposition which I must ever support, as full of truth and utility.

6 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

THE very curious fragment of Philodemus, the fourth book of his work on Music, which has been published from a MS. found at Herculaneum *, proves that the Epicureans were great sceptics, with regard to the then generally acknowledged powers of Music. His first chapter, as divided by the modern editor, has for its title the assertion, "that Music has no power to inform the mind†." He seems to be equally an infidel respecting its religious uses, and the tales which history or tradition then recorded of its wonders, as employed by Thales, Terpander, and others. But the Epicureans, like other sceptics, went too far, and doubted, not only what was really problematical, like the tales in question, but also facts, which reason can solve, and observation will always confirm.

* Under the title of "*Herculanensium Voluminum Tomus I.*" with the learned notes of Carlo Rosini.

† "*Nullam esse Musicam quæ ad animos informandos sit idonea.*"

That Music is an aid to devotion, the practice of all nations, in all ages, must establish beyond controversy; that it can sooth grief and exhilarate low spirits, who that has an ear for melody, or a heart to feel, has not experienced? That it enlivens what was gay before, and can make even buffoonery tolerable, who, that has heard it at a feast, or at a pantomime, will venture to deny? Its martial effects every regimental band will testify; and few hearers are so low in spirit, as not to have felt a kind of inspiration of courage, from the sounds of a march, or the notes of a patriotic air. On the other hand, the lover, in every climate, seeks its aid, as if by instinct. If facts of this sort, are too notorious to bear an exemplification, which would lead at once to the most trite topics*, what a scope must there be, within the

* Who has not heard the effects of "the *Rance des Vaches*, among the Swiss, or the *Pibroch*, among the Highlanders? Or, what Englishman has not felt the animation produced by, *God save the King*, or, *Rule, Britannia*?

8 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

power of music, for effects the most salutary to the human mind ; from the exhilaration of the jig, to the sublimity of the anthem ; from the insinuation of tender passion, to the excitement of martial ardour.

WITHOUT having recourse therefore to any fables, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that music is unjustly treated, when it is considered as calculated for mere amusement ; and that it has much higher offices to perform, which neither they who compose it with genius, nor they who hear it with judgment and discrimination, should ever discard from their attention. There is no occasion for the supporter of this opinion, to deny that, by union with words, the moral, or to speak more generally, the mental effects of Music are greatly heightened. It is perfectly true ; and the very capacity to admit this union is one of the greatest glories of Music. If a picture, or a statue, could be made to speak, with propriety or effect, would

it not be a much more perfect work of art than it is? Music therefore which *can* speak, and by the aid of words *does* speak to the very soul, is, for that especial reason, to be held in so much the higher estimation.

No man felt the dignity of Music more than Handel; since no man, probably, ever felt to such a degree, the sublimity of its powers. He has consecrated to perpetual veneration both those powers and his own genius, in his glorious composition, called MESSIAH, in which the words are those of real, and the Music of apparent inspiration: and both together are worthy, if we may say so without presumption, to be sung by angels and glorified spirits.

As an example which includes all others, permit me to dwell, before I conclude, on the particulars of the Oratorio now mentioned. I am persuaded, and have long felt the persuasion, that, by developing its merits to the public, in this

10 *On the Moral Effects of Music,*

point of view, I shall render an essential service to morals and religion.

THE words of this sacred Oratorio were compiled, entirely from texts of scripture, by Mr. Charles Jennens, of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, whose co-operation Handel enjoyed on other occasions. The words are selected with a judgment which nothing can exceed; and present to our contemplation, in the three parts of the drama, three great divisions of our SAVIOUR'S History, His *Advent*, His *Passion*, and His *Glorification*. The *ADVENT* is introduced by the most striking predictions relating to it, from Isaiah, Haggai, and other prophets. His birth is told, partly in the same prophetic language, and partly in the words of the gospel, which relates the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, on the morn of the nativity. In the second part, which represents the *PASSION* of our Saviour, he is first solemnly announced in the words of John Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!"

Then follow the most distinguished prophecies of his humiliation ; afterwards the publishing of the gospel, the vain resistance of earthly powers, and the final prevalence on earth of "the kingdom of the Lord, and of his Christ." The third part opens with the general resurrection, told in the sublime words of Job, and of St. Paul ; the justification of the righteous through Christ ; and the final triumph of the Lamb, in the expressions of the angelic choir, as revealed to St. John ; and the united praise of "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the seas, and all that are in them," recorded in the same vision.

SUCH an assemblage of magnificent images, from prophecy and inspired history, required the utmost force of human genius, united with sincere devotion, to give it expression in Music ; and happily this rare union was found complete in Handel. With all the fire and sublimity of Milton, to conceive the

imagery attached to sacred words, he had a knowledge and comprehension of the power and effects of musical sounds, whether simple or complex, which nothing could exceed. He seems to have undertaken the task with enthusiasm, and to have performed it, as if under the influence of actual inspiration. These, Sir, are not the expressions of partiality. I have no bigotry. I can relish every species of Music, which any one can justly pronounce good in its kind; from the simplest ballad, to the most complicated *bravura* of the opera; from the plain minuet or gavot, to the most beautiful extravagancies of the fanciful Haydn. I have heard, with delight, the sacred music of the old Italian masters; the Masses of Pergolesi and Leo, the Anthems of Marcello and Palestrina. There is no author of celebrity among our own composers of cathedral Music, from Tye to Kent, whose merits I have not in turn acknowledged. But, Sir, to feel the whole excellence of Handel's Oratorio Music, it is not sufficient to have ears, and to have

cultivated the habit of listening with them: there are sentiments and feelings of the soul, which he possessed, and well knew how to communicate; but which cannot be received where the mind is not prepared. But, where any congenial dispositions exist, I have no doubt in saying, that no eloquence of an Augustine or a Chrysostom, could so powerfully excite the genuine feelings of devotion, as the strains of Handel, united to the words of scripture.

ALLOW me, for the sake of illustration, to dwell more minutely on the great example I have thus introduced.

The Oratorio of MESSIAH is, I am entirely convinced, as perfect a composition of the kind, as the faculties of human nature are capable of producing. Even the Overture*, which is not at all

* The reader who wishes to see a professional analysis of this oratorio, written with great musical skill, is referred to page 70 of Dr. Burney's Account of the Commemoration of Handel. The account here

14 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

formed to captivate the common ear, has a sober grandeur, which prepares the mind for the sacred strains that are to follow. It is a foreground, whose colouring is purposely kept down, that it may relieve, rather than interfere with, the splendour of the picture. The subject of the Oratorio is then opened by an accompanied recitative, which, singers much inferior to Mr. Harrison have felt, can never be delivered without effect. It is comfort and pardon, offered by Divine Mercy, with no less tenderness than dignity; and the preparation of the way of the Lord is so announced, as to give perfect life to the words of the prophet. The air which follows, continues the idea of preparation, and touches, rather than attempts to imitate, the removal of the obstacles. The declaration, that the "Glory of the Lord shall be revealed," is then made, in choral music, short and simple; but whether more sublime or beautiful cannot easily be decided. The

given was purposely written without reference to it, but receives the strongest confirmation from it.

delivery of the words, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," is peculiarly grand and appropriate. Another recitative accompanied, to the words, "Thus saith the Lord," now follows. It is given to a base voice, and has all the dignity which the solemn declaration demands. The setting of the words, "even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in," and of those that follow, "behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts," is stamped with the strongest impression of genius. The next air is expressive chiefly of alarm, and agitation, at the idea of our inability to "abide the day of his coming." The very simple recitative, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," is only the more noble for its simplicity; and good tidings have seldom been related with more animation than in the ensuing song, "O thou that tellest, &c." Of a very different character are the subsequent recitative accompanied, and song; which are among those efforts of genius, wherein this great master has contrived to paint darkness by its mental effects,

the production of uncertainty and hesitation. The light then rises out of it, with clearness and simplicity. The birth of the Saviour is next declared, in a chorus, which seems to carry the powers of music to their highest elevation, though it is afterwards to be surpassed in the same work. The proclamation of his mysterious names, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," is such as almost to compel infidelity itself to bow with adoration !

BUT what words can do justice to the sweetness of the pastoral symphony, which introduces the narrative of the shepherds? It is like the famous *natale* of Corelli, beyond a doubt ; at the same time that it has characters of its own, and particularly avoids the chromatics, which rather overseason the intermediate passages of that justly admired composition. We are then led through a judicious mixture of recitative, air, and accompaniment, to the actual appearance

of the angels; whose sublime choral hymn, "Glory to God in the highest," seems hardly unworthy of such singers, or of such an occasion. The contrast of the words, "and peace on earth," is what every hearer must have felt to produce the most admirable effect; and the gradual retiring of the angels into heaven is inimitable. The joy of Zion on the occasion is expressed in an air, which once, and I believe only once, was sung by Mara, at the commemoration of Handel: and well do I remember, that the energy of animation with which she delivered the words, "rejoice greatly," and "shout, O daughter of Jerusalem!" was such as to draw tears, analogous to tears of joy, from almost every eye. Nothing but tears could express or give vent to the thrilling effect, which such words, such music, and such singing irresistibly produced. Nothing very characteristic marks the next recitative; but the *Siciliana* song which follows, on the words, "He shall feed his flock," has enchanted every ear, by its pastoral elegance, from

18 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

the time of its composition. The concluding chorus of this part is short, and animated ; well expressing the words, " His yoke is easy and his burden light."

THE second part opens with a chorus, grave, and grand, such as the sufferings of the Lamb of God, next to be described, demand. The effect of beginning with a chorus is in itself peculiarly fine. The pathetic air, " he was despised *," leads us to another chorus, still more solemn, " surely he hath borne our griefs." A third, of a different character, is again accumulated upon this; the first part of which beautifully represents the wild wanderings of human nature, without the Redeemer; the second expresses the solemn act of laying our iniquities upon him. The passion of Christ is then described, with the circumstances attending it, the scoffs of his enemies, and

* In the second part of this air, Handel, it must be confessed, has attempted a kind of imitative expression, by which he was now and then seduced; the effect of which is not good.

the sorrow of his own soul. The deep effect of the recitative accompanied, "thy rebuke hath broken his heart," followed by the air, "Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow," is such as very seldom has or can be equalled. Norris of Oxford, far from a first rate singer, in many respects, was justly famed for his delivery of these two compositions; and they who remember him will testify, that the effect was touching in a high degree; surpassed only by his delivery of the famous recitative in Jephtha, where the father pronounces sentence on the daughter. From this depth of sorrow, we are gently led by a short recitative accompanied, and the placid, soothing air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell." The responsive chorus, which follows on the words, "Lift up your heads, O ye, gates," is such an instance of dialogue in music, as could hardly have been thought practicable, till the genius of this great composer undertook it; the sublime solemnity that is intermixed

with the liveliness of the responses, leaves nothing for the mind to wish in the effect.

THE airs and choruses that follow, through the chief of this part, are not so peculiarly marked as the preceding; but they are contrasted with the opening, as being generally expressive of the joy diffused by the preaching of the gospel. The most remarkable is the base song, "Why do the Heathen so furiously rage together?" which is full of spirit and animation. But, as if the author had reserved all his powers to express the complete establishment of the reign of Christ on earth, the concluding chorus of this part is written in a style that defies all comparison. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" has electrified the most insensible bosoms; and has filled others with a transport of sublime feeling, almost too powerful to be sustained. If any thing can go beyond the effect of proclaiming the Saviour, "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," with al-

ternate bursts of "Hallelujah," it is the sudden and unexpected relief produced, by the transition to the mild and tranquil subject given to the words, "the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." Such an effect of contrast was perhaps never produced, in any other instance ; and the rising of the storm of sublimity again, out of this calm, carries the impression not only as high as it can be conceived, but as high as it can well be borne.

AFTER such an effort in concluding his second part, any author but Handel would have found it impossible to sustain the remaining interest of his composition. He has effected it, most happily, by having recourse to the inexhaustible variety of his powers, and by producing something so different from all which had preceded, that the mind is drawn away even from the recollection of it. The incomparable air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is in all its parts so

22 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

fine, that even a common singer cannot easily destroy its effect: but when sung as Mrs. Bates or Mara sung it, approaches as nearly to the perfection of the solemn style, as imagination can go. Even the ritornello, "for now is Christ risen," is not neglected, nor without its appropriate effect. The double contrast in the following chorus, "since by man came death," is no less sublime than original; and the opposite states of man by nature, and by redemption, cannot be more happily illustrated. The grand recitative, "Behold I tell you a mystery," and the animated song of, "the trumpet shall sound," with its very difficult, but truly beautiful, trumpet accompaniment, still shew that new contrasts are continually in the power of this composer. The duet, the short chorus, and the air that follow, particularly the latter, are full of beauties. But as if to prove that the sublimity of the author's conceptions can never flag or fail, he has given us, in his concluding chorus, what eclipses almost all that had been heard

before. It is in a manner, four choruses, in one. The profoundly solemn subject, which expresses the words, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," is relieved very soon by the more lively enumeration of particulars, "to receive power, and riches, and wisdom," &c. Then a third subject opens, in a fugue of such animation as cannot be surpassed, to the words, "blessing and honour, glory and power;" and when the hearer supposes that this effort must have concluded every attempt to gratify him, and that nothing can remain, this invincible genius leads off with an entirely new subject in the "Amen," of such richness and sublimity in the melodies, and harmonies, in the contrast of the voices, and of the instruments, that he leaves his audience almost transported in imagination to the symphonies of Heaven.

AFTER having said so much, I must not add many remarks. The view now taken of this noble composition will surely suffice to shew how much of men-

24 *On the Moral Effects of Music.*

tal sentiment is mixed with its effects ; how large a share of them is produced by contrast and succession : and consequently, how much the songs and choruses must lose, when they are torn from their connexion, to be performed in miscellaneous concerts, to which they bear no kind of relation. The same may be said of almost all the fine parts of Handel's Oratorios. They are fine in themselves, but their value is almost infinitely enhanced, by their relative situation in their original places. This observation, as belonging to the moral or mental effect of music, may serve for a final illustration of my whole subject ; and is so true, that even the "Hallelujah" chorus may almost be heard with indifference, when preceded by common fiddlings ; or the tricks either of vocal or instrumental extravagance.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

TIMOTHEUS.

Royal Institution.

IN the beginning of his *eighth* lecture on *dramatic poetry*, Mr. Crowe gave some account of the alterations which were introduced into the English theatre, soon after the Restoration. The Court patronized the stage, and poets wrote to please the taste of the Court. This led to a nearer imitation of the French drama than had been usual. He stated the particulars in which this imitation appeared; and next he animadverted on the indecency and immorality which disgraced our stage at that period. He also noted other faults in the tragedies of our chief authors in that age, Lee, Otway, and particularly the extravagancies of Dryden in his heroic plays. As a contrast to these, he quoted the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, and observed that Johnson's criticism upon that drama was prejudiced and unjust.

HIS *ninth* lecture commenced with

noticing the effect which was produced by J. Collier's book, intitled, 'A short View of the Stage : ' not long after which the Tatler and Spectator contributed to improve the taste of the age. He observed that from this time our tragic authors wrote with more caution, and paid a stricter attention to the rules of criticism. He shewed in what respects they did this ; viz. in the choice of their subjects, and in the subordinate parts of the drama ; and he referred to the tragedy of Cato as an instance. He then characterized the tragedies of Rowe, Young, A. Hill, Thomson, and others, particularly Lillo, and his play, intitled, 'Fatal Curiosity.' In the conclusion he spoke of the style of modern tragedy, which he censured as departing too far from the language of real life, and as not being sufficiently appropriated to the respective characters to whom it is assigned.

In Mr. Wood's *eighth* lecture on *perspective*, the doctrine of inclined planes

was repeated as introductory to that of shadows. The projection of shadows by a torch or candle and by the sun, was exemplified, and shadows were proved to be subject to the same rules of perspective as all other objects: and the lecture concluded with reflection in water, in which it was proved, that the reflection will always be equal to the apparent magnitude of the original object.

Mr. DAVY's *tenth* lecture on the chemical phenomena of nature related to the atmosphere. Its composition was pointed out; its constituent parts exhibited; water, carbonic acid, oxygene, and nitrogene. Mr. Davy stated the proportion of carbonic acid at about $\frac{1}{100}$, the oxygene as $\frac{79}{100}$, and the nitrogene as $\frac{1}{100}$; these quantities he considered as the same in all parts of the air exposed to the influence of winds in cities, in towns, in mountains, and in valleys, on great continents, and upon the ocean. He attributed the superior salubrity of the air in the country as compared with that of

towns, to its being free from noxious effluvia.

British Gallery.

No. 100. The foot-path bridge.

R. Westall.

THIS is a delightful little bit of rural scenery, and executed in a very natural style. The old woman seated at the foot of the bridge, conversing with a young female peasant, adds an interest to the composition. The scene exhibits one of those deep, sequestered, solitary spots, alike fitted for the musing of the poet, and the haunt of the fairy.

Purchased by the Earl of Carlisle.

No. 106. Cupid.

J. Pocock.

ALTHOUGH this picture has not yet found a purchaser, it has great claims to original merit. Cupid is represented as a very beautiful boy, of about 12 years of age, sporting with a snake, which, by his presence, seems disarmed of its terrors.

A brilliant butterfly is perched upon his bow ; and the arch little god is amusing himself with the animals before him. The expression is excellent ; but the colouring, in the naked parts of the boy, is perhaps rather too raw.

No. 115. Cottage child. J. Pocock.

A PLEASING natural composition, and executed with great neatness and delicacy of colouring. The child is sitting down very contentedly to the enjoyment of some milk, which it drinks out of a pan. The legs and feet are well conceived and executed.

Purchased by Lord Boringdon.

MINIATURES.

No. 133. Saint and angel, (enamel, from Carravagio.) H. Bone.

It seems impossible for the art of enamel painting to go beyond the force and richness of colouring displayed in this picture: and yet there is an hardness

of outline which belongs, perhaps, rather to the original than the copy.

No. 139. Beatrice. A. Chalon.

THIS is a whimsical composition enough. The head and hands of Beatrice only appear rising above a bush of rose trees; the colouring is rather too dry.

No. 140. Flowers. J. Hewlett.

IF Mr. Hewlett continues to paint in this style, England will never have to envy Holland her De Heem and Van Hysum. It is, in truth, a wonderfully executed picture; there is a spirit and richness in the touch, accompanied at the same time, with great warmth and mellowness of effect, which are absolutely enchanting, and bring nature before the eye. When time shall have somewhat softened the brilliancy of the present varnish, these roses, and hyacinths, and lilies, may vie with the most successful similar productions of foreign masters.

Purchased by the Marquis of Stafford.

No. 147. Boy, after Sir J. Reynolds.

H. Bone.

THE original, of which there is a mezzotint engraving, is a very pleasing picture; and Mr. Bone has, in this beautiful effort of his pencil, shewn himself master of all those powers of touch and colouring, which have rendered Sir Joshua's picture so popular.

No. 148. The past, the present, and the coming hour.

J. Shelley.

THIS elegant composition consists of three females, of whom the retiring one represents the *past* hour, the central one the *present*, and the approaching one the *coming* hour. The air of gaiety, in the present and coming hour, is happily conceived and executed.

Purchased by J. A. Wright, Esq. M. P.

No. 149. Cynthia.

W. Wood.

MR. WOOD has, in this picture, painted a very beautiful countenance of some young lady, encircled by clouds. The head only appears: but this has

abundance of attraction, from the accuracy of its outline, the sweetness of its expression, and the truth of its colouring.

Purchased by Wm. Chamberlayne, Esq.

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
Paternoster Row; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 14. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1807.

Nam et in ratione conciviorum, quamvis à plerisque cibis singuli temperemus, totam tamen cœnam laudare omnes solemus : nec ea quæ stomachus noster recusat, adimunt gratiam illis à quibus capimur.

Like guests at a feast, though each of us may leave most of the dishes untouched, we unite in commending the entertainment, altogether ; nor do we allow those dishes which are not agreeable to our palates, to take away from the gratification of those which we relish.

PLIN. EPIST. 5. l. 11.

IN prosecuting the order which has been adopted, in the 5th and 6th numbers of the Director, we meet with only two names under the second letter of the alphabet, which are of importance enough to be commemorated here. The first is

VOL. II.

F

BRYAXIS.

THE works of this statuary were in such high estimation, that some have not scrupled to rank him with Phidias, Lysippus, and Praxiteles. Many of his performances are specified in terms of exalted praise by Pliny. The principal of these were, an *Æsculapius*, a *Bacchus*, an *Apollo*, a *Pasiphae*, &c.

OF the *Apollo*, the following anecdote is related. It was at *Antioch*, and of such extraordinary workmanship, that the Emperor *Julian* paid it divine honours, and consulted it as an oracle: not receiving any response, he foolishly conceived that it was because the relics of some Christian martyr were buried near the spot. He ordered them to be removed; on this very night fire from heaven consumed the statue. *Julian* believing this to be a contrivance of the Christians, put their ministers to the torture.

BUPALUS.

THE great work of this artist was a figure of Juno ; but he is yet more memorable from the following anecdote. He painted a caricature of Hipponax, a celebrated writer of satires. In return the poet addressed a lampoon to Bupalus, so exceedingly bitter, that he went and hanged himself. Our Hogarth indulged the same propensity with respect to Churchill ; and if report be entitled to credit, the effect was almost as fatal. It is certainly said, that after the *Epistle to a Painter* appeared, it made an impression upon Hogarth, of which he never got the better. So true is the old adage, that he whose house is made of glass should never throw stones.

CALLIMACHUS.

THIS statuary was held in very high estimation by the antients. His great work is specified by Pausanias. It was a Juno in a sitting attitude, in the temple of Juno, at Platæa, His great distinc-

tion was grace, in which he is said to have excelled Phidias. Dionysius of Halicarnassus observes, that Phidias was admired for the dignity of his compositions; but Callimachus *ἰνὰ τὴν χάριν* for grace. He was also much praised by Pliny.

CANACHUS

Was very much admired, although, in the opinion of Cicero, his outline was hard. He ranked, however, very high as a statuary. Of the three Muses, celebrated by Antipater, in the Greek Anthology, one was the work of Canachus. His chief performance was a Venus of gold and ivory, in a sitting posture. This is mentioned by Pausanias. He was a pupil of Polycletus.

CHARES.

THE celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, which was seventy cubits high, was the performance of this statuary, who was the pupil of Lysippus. This wonder of the world occasioned Chares to be cele-

brated in verse and prose, by almost every eminent writer of antiquity. Pliny describes the Colossus with particular minuteness, .l. xxxiv. c. 7. The reader should, however, be forewarned, that there exists some doubt whether the name of the artist was not Laches. There is an epigram in the Anthology ascribed to Simonides, which affirms that the Colossus of Rhodes was not seventy but eighty cubits; and says, *Δεχνη σπονῆς*. Its height as well as substance must have been enormous, for when it was overthrown by an earthquake, a Jew merchant bought the broken fragments of brass, and was obliged to employ 900 camels to remove them.

CHERSIPHON.

THIS man also has descended to posterity as the architect of that stupendous fabric the *Temple of Diana*, at *Ephesus*. This is asserted on the authority of Pliny, who describes the temple as having been four hundred and twenty five feet in length, and two hundred and

twenty feet wide. It had a hundred and twenty seven columns, each of which was sixty feet high. The name is sometimes written *CHERSIPHON*.

CYDIAS.

THE Roman orator Hortensius had in his Tusculan villa a picture by this artist, representing the Argonautic expedition, for which he gave the enormous sum of one hundred and forty-four thousand sesterces. This picture afterwards came into the hands of Agrippa, who placed it in the portico of the temple of Neptune, in commemoration of his naval victories.

CICERO was also a great encourager of the art of painting, and possessed a great number of exquisite pictures at his villa. It is to be much regretted that, although in his familiar epistles, he often speaks with warmth of his love of the art, he does not specify any of the pictures which he possessed. There is a whole epistle on this subject. l. vii. ep. 29.

Speaking of the vestibule of his villa, he says, ‘*Ea volebam tabellis exornare, etenim si quid generis istiusmodi me delectat, pictura certo delectat.*’

THE whole epistle is well worth the reader’s attention.

DEMOPHON.

OR, as the name is sometimes written, Damophon, is repeatedly mentioned by Pausanias. He was a most distinguished sculptor. The principal of his performances were, the figures of Venus and Mercury, in wood; Cybele, in Parian marble; Æsculapius and Hygeia; Ceres, in marble.

DIPÆNUS

Deserves mention here, as being, in the opinion of Pliny, the first who made statues from the solid marble.

HE was engaged with Scyllis on some statues of the gods, for the Sicyonians.

Before they had completed their labours, they took umbrage at some affront from the people and left the island. A great famine followed ; and the oracle being consulted, said, that, the only remedy was the return of the artists to finish their labours, which, with great difficulty, they were prevailed upon to do. These two artists seemed on all occasions to have worked together.

THEY assisted to adorn the temple of Castor and Pollux, at Argos ; the temple of Minerva, at Cleone. The island of Suger was indebted to their skill for statues of Apollo, Diana, Hercules, and Minerva. Pliny observes, that Ambracia, Argos, and Cleone, were crowded with the works of Dipœnus. His expression is, ‘Dipœni quidem Ambracia, Argos, Cleone, operibus refertæ fuere.’ They had many pupils, whose works were greatly admired.

ECHION

Was a noble painter, and ranked among

among the greatest proficient of his art. We are accustomed to praise, says Cicero, the forms and outlines of the works of Zeuxis, Polygnotus, Timanthes, and those other painters, who used only four colours; but in Echion, Nicomachus, Protogenes, and Apelles, every thing was perfect. "*Jam perfecta sunt omnia.*"

PLINY specifies the following pictures, by this artist, and calls them "*Nobiles picturæ.*"

A BACCHUS, a subject which seems to have been more frequently painted by the ancient artists, than any other.

TRAGEDY and COMEDY.

An historical picture on the subject of SEMIRAMIS, who, from the humble situation of a slave, became a mighty sovereign.

An OLD WOMAN, carrying a lamp.

A BRIDE. The character of modesty in this female figure was greatly admired:

EUPHRANOR

Was one of the most celebrated Athenian painters. He bestowed great pains upon his performances, and was the first, according to Pliny, who gave an air of dignity to his heroes. His reputation must have been very great, for many of his works are spoken of by Plutarch, Pausanias, Eustathius, Pliny, Valerius Maximus, and others.

His principal works seem to have been these :

THE TWELVE GREAT GODS.

ULYSSES, in a pretended fit of madness, yoking a horse with an ox.

THESEUS. Parrhasius also painted a picture of Theseus, of which Euphranor remarked that Parrhasius had made his hero feed on roses, he on flesh.

A BATTLE OF CAVALRY.

HIS masterpiece seems to have been a figure of PARIS; in which he, at the same time, represented him as the judge in the trial of beauty, the lover of Helen, and the warrior who killed Achilles. He also painted a JUNO, the hair of which was particularly admired.

A LATONA, having in her arms Apollo and Diana. This picture adorned the temple of Concord, at Rome.

A MINERVA, which was afterwards placed in the Capitol.

A Figure of GOOD FORTUNE, having in its right hand a patera, in the left a poppy and a ear of corn.

EUPHRANOR was also an *author*, and wrote a treatise on colours and proportion.

No antient artist has been more highly extolled.

(To be continued.)

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA *.

WHOEVER will be at the pains of taking even a cursory survey of the number

* It may be proper to notice in the present place, in order to keep up the *Series of Catalogues*, proposed to be analysed under the article of 'Bibliographiana', that, in the year 1727 there was printed by Bettenham, 'A Catalogue of the Library which DANIEL WILLIAMS, S. T. P. bequeathed to the public body of Dissenters. Lond. 8vo. M,DCC,XXVII.' The title is in Latin, as is also the preface to the reader; from the beginning of which latter I select the following translated passage. The learned William Bates, S. T. P. who was passionately addicted to polite literature, collected together a great number of rare and curious books; which, on his decease, Dr. Williams purchased for a considerable sum. This collection, to which were added a great number of books subsequently procured by the purchaser, Dr. W. bequeathed to the public—not to the Dissenters exclusively, but (as he was influenced by the purest benevolence) to *all* who were devoted to literary or theological pursuits.'

This catalogue is elegantly printed on a large 8vo. paper; and is arranged alphabetically, according to the size of the volumes (folio, quarto, or octavo). Every letter in each size is again divided into Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English books. There are

of book sales in this country, during the first half of the 18th century, must be

679 articles in folio; 1822 in quarto; and 3861 in octavo and duodecimo: upwards, probably, of 13,000 volumes in the whole. At the end of the catalogue is an alphabetical index of catalogues of libraries, lexicons, and lives, contained in the collection. It is called the *DISSENTERS' LIBRARY*, and is deposited in Red Cross Street, near Cripplegate, where, I understand, the studious may have easy access to any rare or curious article they are in search of. This volume was reprinted (but not so elegantly), with some additional articles, in 1801. There is an account of the state, and rules, of the library prefixed.

IN the year 1730-1 there was sold by auction, at St. Paul's Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church Yard (beginning every evening at five o'clock), the library of the celebrated Free Thinker,

ANTONY COLLINS, Esq.

'Containing a collection of several thousand volumes in Greek, Latin, English, French, and Spanish; in divinity, history, antiquity, philosophy, husbandry, and all polite literature: and especially many curious travels and voyages; and many rare and valuable pamphlets.' This collection, which is divided into *two parts*, (the first containing 3451 articles, the second 3442) is well worth the consultation of the theologian, who is studying or writing upon any controverted point of divinity: there are articles in it of the rarest occurrence. The singular character of its

convinced of the truth of the remark, that knowledge and civilization are mutually progressive ; and that social happiness is the result of their progress. It may be the fashion to ridicule *illustrated* and *large paper* copies ; but these things are necessarily the effect of intellectual refinement ; and are no more to be derided than the double curtains of muslin and moreen, or chintz, in our dining and drawing rooms. The praise of elegance and beauty is all that can be expected or desired ; and, absurd or paradoxical as it may be considered, I venture to predict, that, when we cease to have beautiful books and splendid furniture, we shall be rapidly sinking into that inverted state of society, where
'Huge uproar lords it wide.'

owner and of his works is well known : he was at once the friend and the opponent of Locke and Clarke, who were both anxious for the conversion of a character of such strong, but misguided talents. The former, on his death-bed, wrote Collins a letter to be delivered to him, after his decease, which was full of affection and good advice.

THIS principle of reasoning extends to all political associations ; to all order, decorum, and rank. The sturdy republican may cavil at the emerald sceptre and diamond crown ; he may ridicule the ermined robes of the judge, and despise the scarlet gown of the mayor : but are a leaden crown and an iron sceptre, grasped by a human being in the habit of a watchman, more expressive, more virtuous, or more salutary ? It is the *principle*, and not the *outward form*, that we are to consider : oppression still is oppression, as slavery still is slavery, however disguised ! But this style is too declamatory for the quiet bibliographer ; I dismiss it therefore, with only one additional remark—that *illustrated* and *large paper* copies exercise the ingenuity, and administer to the necessities, of many artizans and mechanics who have large families, with scanty means of support ; and that if the severe and precise logician call all this superfluous, or an *excrescence* of refinement, he should be told that *that* can-

not be superfluous which relieves the wants of humanity, nor that an excrescence, which, like a knot upon the trunk of an oak, only gives greater picturesque beauty to the object.

It was due to the opening of the second volume of 'The Director,' to make these preliminary remarks. I now proceed with the subject matter of my article.

In the year 1755 was published at Venice, printed by J. B. Pasquali, a catalogue of the books of

JOSEPH SMITH, Esq.

Consul at Venice.

The catalogue was published under the following Latin title: 'Bibliotheca Smithiana, seu Catalogus Librorum D. Josephi Smithii, Angli, per Cognomina Authorum dispositus, Venetiis, typis Jo. Baptistæ Pasquali, M,DCCLV.' In quarto, with the arms of Consul Smith. The title page is succeeded by a Latin preface of Pasquali, and an alphabetical

list of 48 pages of the authors mentioned in the catalogue: then follow the books, arranged alphabetically, without any regard to size, language, or subject. These occupy 519 pages, marked with the Roman numerals; after which are 66 pages, numbered in the same manner, of 'addenda et corrigenda.' The most valuable part of the volume, is 'The Prefaces and Epistles prefixed to those works in the Library, which were printed in the 15th century:' this occupies 348 pages. A Catalogue, (in three pages) of the Names of those illustrious Men mentioned in these prefaces, &c.' closes the book.

It would be superfluous to mention to bibliographers the rare articles contained in this collection, which are so generally known and so justly appreciated. They consist chiefly of early editions of *Italian, Greek and Latin classics*; and of many copies of both printed UPON VELLUM. The library, so rich in these articles, was, however, de-

fective in English Literature and Antiquities. There was scarcely any thing of Shakspeare or Dugdale.

ON the death of Mr. Smith, in 1772, his collection was sold in 1773, by Baker and Leigh; and the books were announced to the public, as being 'in the finest preservation, and consisting of the very best and scarcest editions of the Latin, Italian, and French authors, from the invention of printing; with manuscripts and missals upon vellum finely illuminated.'

ON comparing Pasquali's with the sale catalogue, it will be obvious that a great number of rare and very valuable articles was disposed of before the books came to public auction. Indeed it is known that his present MAJESTY enriched his collection with many of the Consul's *first editions*, and VELLUM COPIES, during the life of the latter. The sale continued thirteen days only; and on the last day were sold all the English books in the

black letter. Some of these are rather curious.

OF CONSUL SMITH * I have not been able to collect any biographical details. Pasquali (whose Latin preface is curious enough, abounding with as many interrogatories as Hamlet's soliloquies) has told us that 'as the Consul himself was distinguished for his politeness, talents, and prudence, so was his house for splendid and elegant decorations. You might there view, says he, the most beautifully painted pictures, and exquisite ornaments, whether gems, vases, or engravings. In short, the whole furniture was so brilliant and classical, that you admired at once the magnificence and judgment of the owner.' He tells us a

* It did not occur to me to state in the last number, when giving a few anecdotes of Dr. RAWLINSON's life, that the Doctor was zealously attached to the interests of the *Pretender*; and used frequently to dress himself in a velvet suit, bag wig, and brilliant sword, in order to pay his respects to that *august personage*, whom he really thought would every morning arrive at the metropolis.

little further, that he had frequently solicited the Consul to print a catalogue of his books; which proposition his modesty at first induced him to reject; but, afterwards, his liberality, to comply with. He then observes that, in the compilation of the catalogue, he has studied brevity as much as it was consistent with perspicuity; and that he was once desirous of stating the *value* and *price* of the books, but was dissuaded from it by the advice of the more experienced, and by the singular modesty of the Collector.

It must be confessed that Pasquali has executed his task well; and that the catalogue ranks among the most valuable, as well as rare, books of the kind*.

* In a note to the 11th number of the Director, under the present article, I alluded to the sale which was to take place the week before last, of SIR JOHN SEBRIGHT'S books. On inquiry, I find the following rare and valuable works were sold for the following sums.

		£. s.
Aldine ARISTOTLE, 1498. <i>Edit. prin.</i>		
magnificent copy.	- -	44 0
Aldine THEOCRITUS, 1495. <i>Ditto.</i> Brilliant copy	- -	10 10
CAXTON'S Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, by Earl Rivers, 1477.		
Fine large copy, perfect; but a little stained	- -	31 10
SHAKSPEARE, 1623. <i>First edition.</i> Fine clean copy. Title wanting.	-	30 10
* Story of Stories, or the Life of Christ, by J. Hind. 8vo. 1632. <i>Printed upon vellum.</i>	- -	8 8
† Arcanodel Mare Firenze, 1646. 3 vol. fol.		
A splendid, and uncommon work.		21 0

During the same week was sold a very fine collection of English books, belonging to Mr. BRYANT; chiefly topographical, but containing some choice copies of our early chronicles. A beautiful set of SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE'S works, splendidly bound in 23 volumes, with upwards of 100 additional prints and portraits, was purchased by Mr. Miller, the bookseller. FABIAN'S CHRONICLE, 1559, brought £. 14. 14s. GRAFTON'S CHRONICLE, 1569, £ 19. 19s. and HALL'S CHRONICLE, 1548, £. 19. 19s.

The former sale was by Mr. Leigh: the latter by Mr. Stewart.

* This curious book is dedicated to the Lady Twysden, and is unknown to bibliographers. It was purchased by Mr. Manson, the bookseller.

† A magnificent copy of this work, in 5 vols. folio is in the collection of the Marquis of Eute, at Luton.

Royal Institution.

Mr. CROWE's *tenth* lecture on *dramatic poetry* had Tragi-comedy for its subject. It was shewn that a certain mixture of the comic existed in some of the antient Greek tragedies ; though not after the manner, nor to the extent, in which it appeared in our early English drama. The causes which led to the prevalence of tragi-comedy on our stage were then treated of ; and the arguments were stated, which have been alleged to arraign, or to defend, such a practice. The Lecturer noticed a similar mixture of the grave and ludicrous in certain historical paintings ; and concluded with saying, that tragi-comedy was made an inlet to licentiousness in dramatic composition.

IN the *eleventh* lecture Mr. C. discoursed upon English Comedy. He shewed that our earliest theatrical representations admitted some incidents of drollery ; and that the character called the *Vice*, appeared

in the most serious pieces. He proceeded to speak of the more regular comedy, which did not exist among us till a late period. He then noticed the error of our poets, in taking the subjects of their comedies from antient times and foreign countries; and observed that they who sometimes did so, and sometimes took domestic stories (as Massinger, in his *City Madam*, and *New Way to pay Old Debts*), had been most successful in the latter case, when they described English characters and manners. He enlarged upon the nature of their plots, the variety, richness, and strength of their characters. He then spoke of the sentiments which our comic authors of Queen Elizabeth and James's time; assigned to their personages; and condemned the grossness and licentiousness which they frequently introduced; concluding, however, with an acknowledgment, that their plays, upon the whole, had no immoral tendency,

Mr. DAVY began his *eleventh* lecture

on the chemical phenomena of nature, with an account of meteoric stones. He stated, that the belief of stones having fallen at the time of the appearance of fiery meteors, has prevailed from the earliest times. Anaxagoras was said to have predicted the fall of one of these stones; and in that age of superstition many marvellous accounts were connected with these events. In late times, histories of the fall of meteoric stones have been fully authenticated. In the year 1627, on November 27, Gassendi saw a burning stone fall at Mount Vaisir, in Provence. In 1672, two stones fell near Verona; one weighing 300, the other 400lbs. and the circumstance was authenticated by the testimony of from 3 to 400 persons. In 1768, three stones, of the fall of which a very detailed account was given, were presented to the Royal Academy of Sciences, of Paris. On December 18, 1795, a large stone, weighing 56 pounds, fell near Captain Topham's house, in Yorkshire, which is now in Mr. Sowerby's museum, Lambeth.

Since this period many similar phenomena have occurred, particularly at Benares, in India ; at l'Aigle, in France ; and near Glasgow, in Scotland : and Mr. Howard, and the Count de Bournon, have proved by a very accurate chemical and mineralogical examination, that they agree with each other in their composition and external characters, and differ from any known productions of the earth. They consist of metallic particles, containing iron, alloyed by nickel, of pyrites, and of silicious and magnesian earths, with oxide of iron. Their *origin* is still unknown.

THE last part of this lecture was devoted to the "History of the Winds." Mr. Davy considered the causes of the winds as the rarefaction or condensation of air by heat and cold, occasioning currents, and the difference of the primary motions of the transferred air, considered as revolving with the other parts of the earth, round its axis.

Mr. WOOD began his *ninth* lecture on *perspective* with a recapitulation of the preceding, and then proceeded to explain the general application of the rules of perspective to the common purposes of drawing views from nature ; which he illustrated by drawings of different subjects, accounting for the height of the horizontal line ; the projection of shadows ; the vanishing lines of ascending and descending places, &c. &c. and the course concluded with a comparison of the methods used by famous authors with that most excellent and comprehensive system, established by Dr. Brook Taylor, in the beginning of the last century.

*British Gallery.*MINIATURES, (*Continued.*)

No. 135. Spanish courtship.

A. Chalon.

THERE is an air of elegance and of pleasing expression thrown about this

picture. The *female* is perfectly a Spanish character.

No. 143. Countess of Desmond.

Miss Jones.

A WELL executed portrait : appearing to be a faithful copy from some ancient and valuable one.

No. 155. Love and Innocence, from R.

Cosway, Esq. R. A. Miss Jones,

THE powers of miniature painting are here represented with great success. The colouring is clear and brilliant, and perfectly natural : the composition, exquisite. It is rather surprising that so beautiful a cabinet ornament should not have found a purchaser.

No. 156. A subject from an epitaph on a child, who died suddenly.

S. Shelley.

THIS picture ranks, beyond all doubt, among the happiest specimens of Mr. Shelley's pencil. The composition and colouring are correct and brilliant ; but

it may be questioned whether the warmth of tint on the infant's cheek, does not partake of the character of *sleep*, rather than of *death*. Criticism, however, stands disarmed before a picture of such overpowering beauty.

Purchased by J. Atkyns Wright, Esq. M. P.

LANDSCAPES.

No. 177. A landscape.

S. W. Reynolds.

ALTHOUGH this painting is rather a bold sketch than a finished picture, it is very spiritedly executed. There are parts in it, especially in the middle ground, which remind one strongly of Gainsborough. The tone of colouring is, however, of too gloomy a cast.

Purchased by the Hon. Tho. Brand.

No. 189. Windermere. W. Daniell.

A PLACID, natural picture. A knowledge of *handling* is, in some parts, very successfully displayed. The touch is soft, though firm; and the foreground well

contrasted with the repose of the distant mountains.

Purchased by Tho. Hope, Esq.

No. 194. A Landscape with Cattle.

B. Barker.

ALTHOUGH this is a very warm and pleasing picture, it wants variety in the composition. The size is too large to admit of such a simplicity of background, terminated by one strait horizontal line. The mountains are rather too remote to produce effect. Notwithstanding, it is a very scientific painting.

Purchased by the Rt. Hon. Charles Long, M. P.

No. 195. Pigs.

James Ward.

THE purchaser of this small picture may be congratulated on possessing one of the ablest specimens of the British Gallery. These pigs are, in truth, admirable. The touch is peculiarly firm, spirited, and correct; and there is a breadth and boldness of manner about the painting, which, while they remind

us of an ancient master, happily contribute to a just representation, of nature.

Purchased by ——— Watson, Esq.

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller, to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Row.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1807.

—————COMŒDIA, non sine multa
*Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi.*

HOR.

MY observations on the theatre have produced several letters upon the subject; four of which I have selected for this day's paper. But before I give them to the reader, I shall insert a letter, which I have just received from a gentleman of acknowledged taste and talent, on the subject of the Opera.

Dear Mr. Director,

ALLOW me to pour my grief and indignation into your bosom. For a long

VOL. II.

K

time past nothing had afforded me such satisfaction, as seeing announced for the Opera, the ballet of the SIEGE OF TROY.

At last, said I to myself, we have done with those everlasting Peruvians and Spaniards, Mexicans and Turks, and all the tribe of the barbarous and Gothic nations, who have hitherto almost exclusively engrossed our *ballets d'action*; at last we shall behold *Deshayes, Moreau, Mesdames Deshayes, Parisot, Prèsle, Cranfield, &c.* represent classic personages, and a classic subject: How delightful to the admirer of HOMER, and of VIRGIL!

THE fact is, that I foolishly expected to see this classic subject, *classically* treated; that, like a great noodle as I am, I expected in this our dear England, to feast my eyes on all the elegant and simple grandeur of the Grecian *costume*, and on all the magnificence of the Phrygian attire; that I promised myself the

most striking effect, from the happy contrast between the lofty helmet, the brass shoulder plates, the bared arms and legs of the sturdy European warriors, and the pliant mitra or cap, the loose vest, the long embroidered sleeves and trowsers, &c. of the effeminate Asiatic chiefs. There cannot be the least doubt, thought I, of all these characteristic features of the subject being faithfully represented, now that every manager of a theatre is enabled to acquire in perpetuity, for the moderate sum of two guineas, an inexhaustible store of models for the costume of all classical subjects, by purchasing Mr. Flaxman's compositions from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; in which that great artist has contrived to introduce the most correct and chaste representations of Grecian and Asiatic forms of attire, utensils and furniture; the fruits of more than twenty years investigation of all the most interesting remains of antiquity, in Italy or elsewhere. But, alas! how grievous was my disappointment, when, in place of what I had pro-

mised myself, I beheld scenery, and dresses, and ornaments, the tawdriness of which was exceeded by the flagrant violation of all *costume*. Such was my dismay, that I could not bear to see the frippery representation out : but, at the conclusion of the second act (for this ballet, I believe, has no less than five acts) I ran home, vowing never to set foot in the Opera again, until two creditable witnesses should certify, under their hands and seals, that at least the illustrious Greeks, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others, concealed in the mighty bowels of the pasteboard horse, no longer issue forth from their lurking place in the corduroy breeches, dirty stockings, and string shoes, in which I had the unutterable mortification of seeing their persons attired, as, one by one, they slid down the rope.

I am,

Dear Mr. Director,

Most truly and faithfully yours, &c

THE next appears to come from a respectable tradesman in the city.

To the Director.

Ludgate Hill,

April 18, 1807.

Respected Sir,

IT is a subject of great satisfaction to me that, in the exercise of your office, you have begun with the Theatres. Being desirous the other day to treat my wife and daughter, and finding that a *moral and sentimental Comedy*, called "LOVER'S Vows," was to be performed, I settled to be in time, to secure good places in the pit. My son declined the party, as some of his particular friends were to be in the boxes. He therefore joined them at half price. My son, you must know, Mr. Director, is a young gentleman of seventeen years of age, who condescends to assist occasionally behind my counter, till a more eligible situation can be found for him.

You probably, Sir, know the plot of the play. I confess I was a little puzzled by some things I saw, not exactly conformable to the notions in which I had been bred. Yet I said nothing, as I did not wish to disturb a party of *pleasure* by observations, which might appear harsh or perverse. The next day, however, the subject came forward without my assistance. My eldest daughter, just turned of eighteen, began the debate: ‘Indeed, Mamma, I was absolutely
‘ charmed with the *candour* of mind
‘ which Miss Wildenhaim displayed, when
‘ she declared her violent and unconquer-
‘ able love for the young curate. What a de-
‘ lightful example when opportunity shall
‘ offer. Besides, it was charmingly acted.
‘ I remember when I was at school, our
‘ Governess bespoke this play for us; but
‘ it was a country theatre, and the young
‘ lady seemed *almost as bashful as her lover*;
‘ which destroyed all the effect of the
‘ piece.’ I was beginning to express my disapprobation of what was said, when my youngest daughter Polly, whose fifteenth

birthday we had celebrated by a plumb-pudding on Tuesday, said she had been quite delighted with the generosity and frankness of Miss Wildenhaim. 'I dreamt,' (said she) 'of nothing else last night; but in my sleep was making love to one of the most *diffident* and *modest young men*, I ever saw.' This was, in my mind, going a little too far: and I took an opportunity of observing that this forwardness was not suited either to their age, or sex; when my wife interfered, and said she could have married much more advantageously, if she could have looked out for herself, and not been obliged to wait till some one should ask her; and that she hoped her daughters would not be kept moping, at the mercy of the men; but come forward with spirit, and provide for themselves.

My son, though he did not seem quite to accord with my wife and daughters, yet expressed his approbation of the spirit of Frederick in going on the high-

way, and insulting the Baron in so noble a way, when he expected to be hanged for the robbery. In point of taste and sentiment, it was in his opinion far more genteel than the *Beggar's Opera*; though he could not help admiring and respecting the *courage* and *gallantry* of Captain Macheath, and the *tender feelings* of Miss Polly.

IN short, Mr. Director, I am apprehensive that the Playhouse has done nothing but prepare my boy for the highway, and my girls for a bagnio. After so much care and expence incurred in my children's education, to exchange all my hopes for such dreadful apprehensions, is a grievous and heartbreaking thing to me. Pray, my good Sir, consider whether there is no way, on the stage, of being, at the same time, *merry* and *wise*; and whether Wit and Mirth may not, by some contrivance or other, be made consistent with honesty and virtue; and the stage be thereby made,

instead of an academy for vice, a school of morality. Your early attention to this subject will oblige,

Worthy Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And devoted Servant,

MATTHEW MOODY.

THE day after the arrival of Mr. Moody's letter, I received the following from his hopeful son.

My dear Fellow,

I HAVE discovered that Dad has been writing to you on what he terms the *Morality of the Stage*. I therefore send you a word of caution, not to burn your fingers with any such subjects ; for if you meddle with them, depend upon it you will find yourself in the wrong box. When that ease and freedom of conduct, which some people call *Vice and Immo-*

rality, has got possession of all the pur-
licus and passages of the playhouse, it
would be unreasonable to expect mora-
lity, or even decency, upon the stage:
and, when the neighbourhood of the
Theatre swarms with thieves and rogues,
nothing could be more idle than to try to
deter people from what you call *crimes*,
by any dramatic representation. The
greatest wit and genius of the present
age has placed this subject in so ridi-
culous a light as to put all attempts of
the kind out of the question. Read what
Mr. Sneer says in the Critic, and med-
dle further with the matter, if you dare.

I am, my dear fellow,

Yours, &c.

MATTHEW MOODY, Junr.

THE next is in a female hand ; and,
if I conjecture right, from one of the
public characters of the metropolis.

*Drury Lane,
April 24.*

My dear Director,

THERE are so few of us, who can write or read at all, that you may probably consider a letter from me as a literary curiosity; and notice it as such, in your *Bibliographiana*. My sisters in the trade, it must be confessed, are, generally speaking, the most uneducated of their sex; but no inconvenience attends it, as the gentlemen who are most regular in their devotions to them, are pretty nearly in the same situation.

I LIKE some of your papers, but I am displeased with that on the theatre; and particularly with the slight manner, in which you affect to treat the Play of the FASHIONABLE FRIENDS. I know it was *damned*; but that was by the old fashioned prejudices of the Gallery; and it is no proof that it is not witty or brilliant. There are many other *witty and brilliant things* in this world, that are

very likely to meet the same fate. But this play, my dear unseasonable moralist, has so much tender, not to say *morbid* sensibility in it, and contains such a true picture of *some persons* in fashionable life, that I trust you will be impartial, and insert what I have to say in its favor. I have frequently read scenes from it, at our little funny parties; and both the ladies and gentlemen agreed, that they should have acted just in the same way, in the same situation.

I DON'T say but that there is a little of what people pretend to call *fashionable vice* in the characters and conduct of the piece. But there is no harm done. Mrs. Lovell does not fall a prey to Mr. Dorimant's cleverness; and Mr. Dorimant himself and Miss Rackett are married. So that in any event, the *catas-trophe*, as they nickname it, is good.

SURELY you will not deny that Lady Selina, the heroine of the Play, is an example of the most *refined sentimentality*.

Even when she leaves her husband and children in the country, and repairs to town, impelled by her *unfortunate* and ardent attachment for her friend's husband Lovell, she breathes nothing but the sentiments of an exquisite and too feeling heart. And her conversation with Lovell, in the third act, I shall quote as an example of the elegant badinage of a certain class of people in high life; and of the refined *ruse de guerre*, which she employs, when she wishes to awaken in him a mutual affection.

LADY SELINA. Are you not already in possession of the attachment of a female friend, for whom I suppose your attachment such as to make all others indifferent to you.

Mr. LOVELL. What! *the girl I have at Paddington*? Did not care a pin for her the week after I took her:—only just keep a house for her, and give her a drive in my curricule, now and then, *out of common decency*.

LADY SELINA. Hah! and are these the sentiments to which you would have me trust? when you own your infidelity to your wife, *to my amiable friend*, for whom I thought your attachment likely to supersede all others.

Mr. LOVELL. My attachment to my WIFE! Ha! Ha! &c. &c.

AND should such Dramas as these, Mr. Director, be driven from the stage by the mob in the galleries ?

Forbid it fashion, and forbid it love.

I SHALL conclude with observing, that this finished specimen of the Drama concludes with an epilogue, proposing the increase of pleasure and dissipation in the metropolis ; and, to use the poet's antithesis, that the *woes* of war may be outdone by the *follies* of peace.

I am, dear Mr. Director,

Yours, if you will deserve me,

FLORA LONDINENSIS.

THE next letter which I shall insert, is, or professes to be, written by a clergyman, in a populous manufacturing county.

Worthy Sir,

A melancholy circumstance has just occurred in this neighbourhood. Two

brothers have been apprehended and condemned for an highway robbery. Though very young, the eldest not yet of age, they are old offenders. I have visited them in prison, and, with much effort on my part, have excited in them a degree of contrition and penitence, which (if their lives should in mercy be spared) *may* produce amendment and reformation. Their father is a worthy and opulent tradesman in the metropolis; not faulty in any thing that I can discover, except his excessive indulgence to these, his only children. He allowed them at a very early age to frequent the Theatres; and they have assured me, with tears in their eyes, that the chief source and origin of their crimes and misfortune, was the representation of the *Beggar's Opera*; which had the effect of familiarizing their minds to scenes of licentiousness, at a period when the impulse of the passions could not as yet be pleaded, in excuse for misconduct. They have told me that the courage and gallantry of Macheath were subjects of ad-

miration and imitation, from their earliest youth; and that they were highly delighted with the judicious change of fortune in the last scene, when the hero, instead of being hanged, was restored to the arms of his Lucy and Polly.

I FEAR, good Sir, these are not the only instances of the kind: and therefore address this letter to you, hoping that in your official character, you will lay this matter before the proper tribunal; and bring the question fairly under consideration, whether any theatrical performances which are of a criminal or questionable tendency, should be allowed to be represented on the stage.

I am, with great esteem,

Worthy Sir, your obedient

And respectful Servant,

JOHN JONES.

I CONSIDER this subject as of much importance; and shall therefore take an

early opportunity of visiting the Theatres, and of devising the most speedy and effectual remedy for the evils complained of. The Editor of the *Beggar's Opera* admits, "that the characters are 'low and vitious: that the good can derive from it no encouragement of virtue, the bad no discouragement of vice.'" This is true; but I wish it were the whole truth. The historical anecdote of the day, that the success of this *Opera* caused a distinguishable increase in highway robberies, appears to me both natural and probable. Thus the Author (as others have been since) became an accessary before the fact, to all the robberies and murders which have been suggested by the representation of it. The play is entirely composed of debauched and wicked characters. Every principle of civil and religious order is derided and ridiculed, in every part of it. Vice stalks in the front of the stage; and is applauded and encouraged; while virtue, industry, prudence, and honesty are made the objects of every idle jest, and

of every offensive ballad, inserted in the performance. The young apprentice is taught to admire the perverted spirit and courage, and to covet the vulgar and vicious indulgences, of *MACHEATH*; thus forming and habituating himself for the society of abandoned prostitutes, and atrocious thieves: while his sister delights in the tender and disinterested love of *POLLY*; and learns from the examples of her and *LUCY*, that where so fine a gentleman as the captain, *deigns* to make an attempt on a woman's virtue, resistance is vain and ridiculous.

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA *.

THE middle of the 18th century seems to have been a singularly favorable pe-

* As I shall always reserve a niche, by way of note, in my *Bibliographiana*, for the insertion of such curious articles as may have been sold at the booksales, that are at present carrying on, I think

riod for bibliographical amusement. Between the years 1750 and 1760 were sold

the present niche cannot be better filled than by the following memoranda.

AT Mr. Bryant's sale (which was not concluded when the last article of *Bibliographiana* went to press) the following works were thus *liberally* disposed of.

£. s. d.

CAXTON's Chronicle, by W. de Worde,			
1495, the title wanting	-	17	6 6
BARTHOLOMEUS de Proprietatibus Re-			
rum, by W. de Worde. First book			
wanting, but in beautiful condition	-	16	16 0
PRINCE's Worthies of Devon, fol. 1701.			
A magnificent copy, in Russia	-	19	8 6
MILNER's Winchester, small paper	-	11	11 0
MORANT's Essex, small paper, 2 vol.	-	15	0 0
Queen Elizabeth's Progress and Proces-			
sions, 3 vol. 4to. elegant, in russia	-	15	15 0
YVERY. A genealogical History of the			
House of Ivery, &c. portraits and			
plates, 2 vol. 4to. 1742, <i>large paper</i>	-	18	18 0

I EMBRACE this opportunity of congratulating my bibliographical readers—not upon the general election—but, upon the delightful treat which they will all have, in the course of the next forty days, by the sale of the library of the

REV. JOHN BRAND,

Late Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries.

EVERY body knows the avidity and diligence with

the fine collections of Dr. Mead, Martin Folkes, Dr. R. Rawlinson, and the cu-

which that eminent antiquary collected the *black letter*: those who have witnessed the manner in which his draws and shelves were crowded with the productions of such facetious gentlemen as CAXTON, WYNKYN DE WORDE, PINSON, RASTELL, MARSH, &c. &c. will not be surprised on being informed that upwards of *nine thousand articles*, or more than *double that number of volumes*, are speedily to be disposed of by public auction. (To begin May 6.)

THIS collection, more numerous and miscellaneous than Dr. Farmer's, with abundance of MS. notes by the collector, will, no doubt, afford materials for enriching the libraries of almost all the black lettered virtuosi in his Majesty's united realms. I select the following as a sort of *bon bouche*, or specimen of the treasures which the collection contains.

- 227 ARNOLD's Chronicle of the Customs of London, elegant, in Russia, 1521.
- 242 THE DYALOGUE of Dives and Pauper, by Penson, 1493.
- 272 England's Parnassus, 1600.
- 282 A Boke of Fishing with Hooke and Line.
A Boke of Engines and Traps to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, and all other Kinds of Vermine and Beasts whatsoever, with cuts, 1600.
- 454 A Quip for an upstart Courtier; or, a quaint Dispute between Velvet Breeches and Cloth Breeches, &c. 1620.

rious one now about to be mentioned. The three preceding have been already described.

- 475 A Checke, or Reproofe of Mr. Howlet's un-
untimely screeching in her Majesties Ear.
Black letter. 1581.
- 494 A curious Volume, composed by the writers in
favor of our Reformation—with Mr. Brand's
MS. Notes.
- 733 Buchannon's (G) Detection of the Duinges of
Marie, Queene of Scottes. 1598.
- 750 A Collection of 18 rare Tracts, published dur-
ing the reign of Elizabeth.
- 4849 Hackluyt's Voyages, 3 vol. in 2. 1599.
- 4850 Holinshed's Chronicles. 1577.
- 5400 PAINTER'S PALACE OF PLEASURE, printed
by T. Marshe.
- 6393 to 6472 A Collection of old Plays, in quarto.
- 6486 PIERCE, THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREEDE. No
date.

As a *striking conclusion*, I subjoin the following.

- 6479 Pappe with an Hatchett, *alias*, a Fig for my
Godsonne, or, crake me this Nutt, or, a Coun-
trie Cuffe, that is, a sound Box of the Eare
for the Idiot Martin, to hold his Peace : see-
ing the Patch will take no warning ; written
by one that dares call a Dog a Dog. *Rare.*
Printed by Anoke and Astile.

THE above sale is by Mr. STEWART, in Piccadilly.

Who has not read of Mr. John Henley, or rather of Mr. *Orator* Henley? so called from his being independent Minister of the *Oratory*, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This gentleman's library, not so remarkable for the black letter, as for whimsical publications, was sold by auction, by Samuel Paterson, in June, 1759, and the three ensuing evenings. The title of the Sale Catalogue is as follows :

‘ A catalogue of the original MSS. and manuscript collections of the late Reverend

Mr. JOHN HENLEY, A. M.

Independent Minister of the Oratory, &c. in which are included sundry collections of the late Mons. des Maizeaux, the learned editor of Bayle, &c. Mr. Lowndes, author of the Report for the Amendment of Silver Coins, &c. Dr. Patrick Blair, Physician at Boston, and F. R. S. &c. together with original letters and papers of state, addressed to Henry d'Avenant, Esq. her Britannic Majesty's Envoy at Francfort, from 1703 to 1708 inclusive.’

FEW libraries have contained more curious and remarkable publications than did this. The following articles, which are given as specimens, remind us somewhat of Addison's Memoranda for the Spectator, which the waiter at the coffee house picked up and read aloud for the amusement of the company.

No. 166. God's Manifestation by a Star to the Dutch.

A mortifying Fast-Diet at Court. On the Birth Day of the first and oldest young Gentleman. All corrupt: none good; no, not one.

No. 168. General Thumbissimo. The Spring reversed, or the Flanderkin's Opera and Dutch Pickle Herrings. The Creolean Fillip, or Royal Mishap. A Martial Telescope, &c. England's Passion Sunday, and April Changelings.

No. 170. Speech upon Speech. A Telescope for Tournay. No Battle, but worse, and the true Meaning of it. An Army Beaten and interred.

No. 174. Signs when the P. will come: Was Captain Sw:n a Prisoner on Parole, to be catechised? David's Opinion of like Times. The Seeds of the plot may rise, though the leaves fall. A Perspective, from the

Blair of Athol, The Pretender's Popery.
Murder! Fire! Where! Where!

No. 178. Taking Carlisle, catching an eel by the tail.
Address of a Bishop, Dean and Clergy.
swearing to the Pr——r, &c. Anathema denounced against those Parents, Masters, and Magistrates, that do not punish the Sin at Stokesley. A Speech, &c. A Parallel between the Rebels to K. Charles I. and those to his Successor.
Jane Cameron looked killing at *Falkirk*.

No. 179. Let Stocks be knighted, write, Sir Bank, &c.
The Ram-headed Month. A Proof that the Writers against Popery fear it will be established in this Kingdom. A Scheme wisely blabbed to root and branch the Highlanders. Let St. Patrick have fair Play, &c.

OF ORATOR HENLEY I have not been able to collect any biographical details more interesting than are to be found in Warburton's notes to Pope's Dunciad.

HE was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, in 1692, and was brought up at St. John's College, in the University of Cambridge. After entering into orders, he became a preacher in Lon-

don, and established a lecture on Sunday evenings, near Lincoln's-inn Fields, and another, on Wednesday evenings, chiefly on political and scientific subjects. Each auditor paid one shilling for admission. 'He declaimed,' says Warburton, 'against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our poet (Pope) that honour. When he was at Cambridge, he began to be uneasy; for it *shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment* in points of religion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to *dispute all propositions, and call all points to account*, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind'. When he was admitted into priest's orders, he thought the examination so short and superficial, that he considered *it not necessary to conform to the Christian religion*, in order either to be a deacon or priest.

WITH these quixotic sentiments he came to town; and after having, for some years, been a writer for the booksellers,

he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, 'was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because *he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel.*' However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite: by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself, '*The restorer of antiènt eloquence.*'

HENLEY's pulpit, in which he preached, was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. It is to this Pope alludes in the first couplet of his second book of the Dunciad:

High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
HENLEY's gilt tub——

He built an altar, and placed over it this extraordinary inscription, '*The primitive Eucharist.*' We are told by his friend WELSTED (narrative in Orat. Transact. No. 1) that 'he had the assurance

to form a plan, which no mortal *ever thought of*: he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none would dispute with him*: he wrote, read, and studied twelve hours a day: composed three dissertations, a week on all subjects: undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and universities teach in *five*: was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires; but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church and *all that in danger!* See note to Dunciad, book iii. v. 119.

POPE has described this extraordinary character with singular felicity of expression.

But, where each science lifts its modern type,
 Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
 While proud philosophy repines to shew,
 Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! HENLEY stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!

Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
While SHERLOCK, HARE, and GIBSON preach in
vain.

Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and sany of thy age,
Oh worthy thou, of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
But fate with butchers* plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In TOLAND's, TINDAL's, and in WOLSTON's days.

DUNCIAD. b. iii. v. 190, &c.

BROMLEY, in his catalogue of Engraved Portraits, mentions *four* of orator Henley: two of which are inscribed: one by Worlidge 'The Orator of Newport Market;' another (without engraver's name) 'A Rationalist.'

Royal Institution.

MR. DAVY's *twelfth* lecture on the *chemical phenomena of nature*, was on the his-

* He once set up his Oratory in Newport Market, Butcher's Row.

tory of the discoveries made concerning air. The ancients, according to Mr. Davy, had no knowledge on this subject. Van Helmont, in the sixteenth century obscurely announced several different elastic fluids; but the great development of this part of chemistry is within the last fifty years, in consequence of the labours of Black, Cavendish, Priestley, Scheele, Lavoisier; and the early labours of the British chemists have been proved by the latest investigations to have afforded the most certain indications of the true composition of the atmosphere.

MR. CROWE'S *twelfth* lecture on *dramatic poetry* was a continuation of his subject of English comedies. He animadverted on those which were brought on the stage, and encouraged by the court of Charles II. and he asserted that no English publications exceeded the dramas of that age in obscenity, immorality and profaneness. He excepted from this charge the pieces of Sir George Etheldredge, and a neglected play, composed

by Cowley (Cutter of Coleman Street) Mr. Crowe then proceeded to the comedies written in the end of that century, he gave a character of Congreve, and touched upon the controversy between him and Collier: Some information of the stage followed upon this; which he exemplified in the plays of Cibber and his contemporary writers. The plots of those dramatists, he observed, were sometimes defective, in being founded upon foreign subjects; but that, since their time, our comic authors have been more careful to avoid such an impropriety, and by taking domestic stories, to give more interesting representations of life and manners.

The *thirteenth* lecture was upon the subject of FARCE. He described this species of the drama, and shewed, that the earlier Greek comedy was of this nature. He spoke of the difference between farce and comedy, and instanced in the pieces of Foote. He gave a character of that writer, and spoke of the reprehensible

means which he sometimes took to give a stronger resemblance of the persons whom he brought on the scene. In this, the lecturer observed, that Foote was not singular ; for Moliere had recourse to similar practices.

THE remaining part of the lecture contained some observations on masques and pastoral dramas, and concluded with a high commendation, of Fletcher's ' Faithful Shepherdess.'

THE *fourteenth* lecture treated of those theatrical compositions which have been translated into English. Mr. CROWE spoke of the different styles of translation, and shewed which were adapted to the closet, and which to the stage. He then characterized the English translations, of Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, and Terence ; and noted some of the English dramatists who have borrowed from them. He proceeded to the moderns ; the Italian, Spanish, French, and German theatres ; and mentioned what our authors had brought from thence. The

lecture concluded with observations upon the difficulty of bringing foreign comedies upon the stage with success, and pointed out the causes of failure, in some of the attempts which have been made.

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
Paternoster Row; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 16. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1807.

*'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world.*

COWPER's *Task*, b. iv.

ABOUT three weeks ago, I was walking with my old friend SIR VICARY VELUM, in the evening; from Cornhill towards Mr. King's, the auctioneer, near Covent Garden, to be present at a sale of prints, with the hope of procuring some *uniques*. While I was expatiating with my friend upon the beauties of the ancient engravers, Goltzius, Aldegrave, Passe, Cross, Marshall, Loggan, Stock, Vaughan, &c. he bade me, in a very sudden but serious manner, take notice

of the scene before me. ‘Observe,’ said he, ‘the splendour of these shops ; see with what elegant variety of articles each window is stored ; look at yonder glass cutter’s, and at this jeweller’s ; examine the perfection of workmanship in this steel ware : and, again, reflect how the wilds of Russia and of India have been explored for these hides of the bear and the leopard. Such are the blessings of industry, and of a well-directed commercial spirit.’

I CONFESS, though I had never before made similar reflections, I was struck with the justice of my friend’s remark, and with the dazzling splendour of ‘the scene before me.’ It was approaching fast towards eight o’clock ; the light of day had wholly retired ; the street and patent shop-lamps began to burn ; while the rattling of coaches, the glare of flambeaux, and the incessant motion of the people, hastening to their last rendezvous, produced on my mind a very extraordinary effect. My friend resumed, stopping me in the midst of the crowd, ‘You

have here a very singular and impressive scene: those gay folks decorated with feathers, or armed with cocked hats, are hastening to the *fourth* act of the play, because they cannot leave their dinners time enough to be present at the *first*. At the hour when Edward III. was preparing for his supper, do his descendants think about their dinners. But,' continued he, 'on many accounts the streets of London are interesting in the *evening*. I have been at Paris, at Petersburg, at Vienna, and at Berlin; and Europe has nothing like Cheapside or Fleet Street, to boast of. Cleanliness, civility, splendour, and excellence of manufactory, are all to be enjoyed here. You may be gratified with a diamond large enough for the turban of an Indian prince; you may command muslin of the finest texture; you may procure glass, cutlery, cloth, books, shoes, and hats, of all kinds, and of the finest quality—if you have only '*money in your purse*.' Moreover, to the eye of humanity, an evening in London may afford a still

more exquisite gratification. Think, I beseech you,' continued the Knight, while his voice faltered, and his action became tremulous, 'think of those good angels that go about, in the form of benevolent human beings, to succour the distressed, to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry. True it is, wickedness and seduction range uncontrouled; but virtue and charity are not yet quite shut out from the land. The poor wretch that is driven almost to madness by the wily arts of her fellow creatures, sometimes meets with protection in an asylum, of which, perhaps, she even doubted the existence. Keen and bitter is the blast of evening to her, who sits shivering on the pavement, and hides her face in obscurity; and loud and piercing are the cries of her little one, with scarcely a tattered garment to cover its tender limbs! But, ah! more keen and bitter are the pangs of that wretch who has brought her to such ignominy, and more loud and piercing will be, *one day*, his supplications for pardon!'

HERE my worthy old friend suppressed his narrative; tears streamed in abundance down his cheeks; and I was compelled to touch upon a different subject; and to drag him from a spot to which he had, for five minutes, been quite rivetted. 'These shops, Sir,' replied I, 'are indeed sumptuous and interesting; but your reflections have now cast a gloom over the scene before me.'

'Sir,' resumed the knight, 'we will change the subject; and, if you please, *abuse* the customs and fashions of the age.' By this time we had reached the corner of St. Paul's; and a number of people stopping for an opportunity to cross the way, a ballad singer and guitar player approached the crowd; and just as they were going to *strike up*, I found that I had been separated from my friend, whom no exertions could again recover. It was in vain, at such a time, and in such a place, to make inquiries: so I hastened home, and found lying on my table the following letters, which I

offer as a sort of supplementary extraordinary gazette to the foregoing narrative.

To the Editor of the Director.

SIR,

IT is now upwards of twelve years since I left London, to retire on a living in the country. As my living is situated at a very great distance from the metropolis, I have inflexibly adhered to a resolution of not going thither but on occasions the most urgent and peremptory. It has so happened, that, ever since I have been thus sequestered, no occasion for making this metropolitan visit has occurred. I have rigidly adhered to my plan, have invariably amused myself with the grand features of landscape before me, in this delightful part of England, on the confines of Lancashire and Westmoreland. When the weather permits, I take my morning or evening walk, with Horace, or Virgil, or, more frequently, Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, in my pocket.

Seated on a fragment of rock beneath the hardy mountain-ash, I see the sun set behind the hills ; I inhale the balmy breezes of evening, or the spicy gales of the morning. All nature seems spread before me ; and the magnificence of heaven and earth, thus wonderfully united, draws tears of transport from my eyes, and kindles within my breast the purest sentiments of gratitude towards NATURE'S God.

BUT, Sir, it has so happened, that my rural meditations have been a little interrupted, by the unremitting assiduities of my wife, my eldest son, and two daughters, to pay *a visit to the metropolis* ; and the arguments adduced on the occasion, (with which I very cheerfully complied) are of a nature too singular to be withheld from you. ' You know, my dear, (observed this best of women) that our children now begin to approach a state of maturity. HENRY is not only past twenty-three, but has the prospect of a union with a young lady of no mean

connexions and fortune. It is fit that, in the furnishing of his house, he should be instructed by a *Walk in London*. SOPHIA, our eldest, is upwards of nineteen; and it is also fit, in case of her future matrimonial alliance, that she be instructed by a *Walk in London*. As I well knew how tenacious mothers were about the management of the concerns of their children at the period of wedlock, and that the procuring of suitable furniture was an object of vast importance, on this occasion—and as, moreover, I really loved my wife too well to put a negative on the proposition, I readily acquiesced in her wishes, promising Henry, Sophia, and Elizabeth (the latter of whom is hardly fifteen) that they should accompany their mother within five days of the signing of the preliminary treaty.

THE treaty was instantly signed; and on the morning of the fifth day, I saw them all depart with merry hearts for the Metropolis. I cautioned my son, who was a Westminster lad, and had taken

his Batchelor's degree at Oxford, to be circumspect and prudent,; and to consider it his first duty to pay every attention to his mother and sisters.

ON the fourth day of their arrival in town, my wife wrote to me the following epistle; which not inaptly describes a *Walk in London*. You will perceive, Sir, that she is a woman of plain good sense, and expresses her sentiments as she really feels them.

*Dorant's Hotel,
Albemarle Street.*

MY dear Husband,

SINCE I wrote my last letter, which announced to you our safe arrival in this busy place, I have been constantly occupied, with our children, in parading the streets, and visiting the shops: many of the former have been wonderfully altered since we resided here. The neighbourhood of St. Clement's Church and Snow Hill, you would hardly recollect; on so vast and so judicious a scale have been the improvements! The streets

mally braided ; and rather *an apology for a cap*, is stuck at the back part of the head. I saw Sophia look with surprise, and Eliza with a sort of admiration and respect : they both observed, on leaving the first shop into which we entered, that they did not expect to meet with *fine gentlewomen* serving behind the counter. I must confess I was not so much disgusted with the dress, which is sufficiently *airy*, as with the *manners* of some of these young ladies : that conceited air, that affectation of gentility, that unqualified stare and freedom of gesture, are quite insufferable !

BUT the *upholstery* and *furniture* shops are almost beyond conception. To some of these, there is an artificial grandeur of front, which reminds you of entering into an antient temple or theatre. Fluted columns, of the Tuscan, Doric, and Corinthian order, very frequently grace the porticos of some ; while to others are affixed ornaments, which rather resemble the *heads of ships*, than the appropriate

decorations of a shop. You would think, from some of these entrances, that you were going to the inner apartment of a Spanish palace : when lo ! out pops the master, from a mahogany sarcophagus, and importunes you to do him the favour of *running in debt*. His tables are round or oblong, and *mounted upwards*, reminding you, 'if small things may with great compare,' of Milton's description of Satan's enormous shield. Mahogany is getting quickly out of fashion, and wainscot has been long discarded : nothing now is seen but *Rose*, and *Sattin*, and *Botany Bay* wood. If you ask for an inkstand, a working table, or a celleret, you are sure to have something brought you, *à l'antique*, quite the reverse of what you were led to expect. Satyrs, fauns, monsters' heads, and animals of all kinds, come staring upon you in a most tremendous manner. My girls were surprised, and even alarmed : but Henry, who had obtained his ideas of ornament from Vitruvius, Inigo Jones, and Stuart, sat his arms a-kimbo and lustily railed at

such a ridiculous affectation of the *antique*.

THERE was some time ago, I understand, a prodigious rage for the *Egyptian*. Chintz and moreen furniture, carpets, mats, rugs; in short, every thing was doomed to this *monstrous* fashion. Men with birds' heads, and birds with men's heads, crocodiles, phinxes, and crows, were all dancing about the furniture in the same ludicrous style that Junius metaphorically describes 'the masks and hatchets,' of Sir William Draper. But the rage stopped not here: chairs, tables, sofas, and sideboards were all touched by the talisman of this Egyptian magician! and obelisks and pyramids, besprinkled with hieroglyphics from top to bottom, ornamented the halls, dining rooms, and drawing rooms of our *Grand Seigneurs*! This mania, out of compliment I presume to the names of Nelson and Abercrombie, is now, however, confined within certain limits; and the wiser part begin to re-

flect, that, *the imitation of the arts in their rudest state*, neither contributes to just decoration, nor evinces a correct taste in those who adopt it.

A LITTLE time back, (I speak from the report of a very intelligent waiter in the hotel) the good shopkeepers had inscribed over their doors certain *odd-shaped letters*, which rendered it difficult to understand the trade carried on within. These letters were in imitation of those used in *Roman inscriptions*, so that you would think every upholsterer and haberdasher an adept in 'Montfaucon's *Antiquité expliquée*.' Perhaps it might chagrin these good folks to know how many rude, unlettered, country visitors, like myself, have carried their £.10 or £.20 to a different market. This rage has now almost wholly abated: it probably commenced in a frolic, and was gravely continued as a very sagacious custom. People now begin to have legible inscriptions, and to get more money in consequence.

A GREAT fashion at present prevails of making the exterior of a shop appear like a *marble portico* : and if you were to be set down from Lancashire, in the middle of Catherine Street, in the Strand, you would imagine yourself to be among the principal palaces at Rome.

VERD-ANTIQUÉ, and Sienna marble are brought, it would seem, at an expense incalculable, from Greece and Italy, to adorn the exterior of a linen-draper's or upholsterer's shop. The artist does certainly *his* part well ; but the owner of the house might have probably got more credit by adhering to one simple colour of white or grey.

The only thing in addition which I have now time to mention is, the absurdity of decorating *carpet-rugs* and *mats* with monsters of the bird and beast kind. My daughter Eliza was, the other day, considerably alarmed by the appearance of a *gigantic tiger*, stretched out upon the watch for prey : she ran to

me, tremulously exclaiming, 'A wild beast, a lion!' On walking up firmly towards the monster, we found him as harmless as the lion described by Addison; in the opera of his day! Eagles and vultures are also worked on these rugs: objects, as ridiculous and inappropriate as can well be imagined!

BUT the 6 o'clock bell is ringing, and the postman waits at the door. Adieu.

Ever yours affectionately,

S. D.

THUS, Mr. Director, I have troubled you with my wife's '*Walk in London.*' If it can afford the least amusement, or be productive of the least correction of a perverted taste, I shall feel exceedingly gratified. In the mean time I cannot avoid remarking, that the character of the present day, in regard to the foregoing details, seems to be a thoughtless extravagance, unproductive of taste or utility. To get money rapidly, and to

spend it tastefully or wisely, are very different things. In general, common sense and appropriate ornament go hand in hand.

I suppose we shall soon be at the mercy of a fresh set of innovators, who, I understand, are coming home from Kamtschatka, and the Friendly Islands, with numerous drawings of all the fine and strange things they have seen in those parts of the world; so that we may shortly expect to behold an indian god, or a female warrior, grinning upon the posts of the principal shops in Bond Street. Whether these innovators are described in the new edition of 'The Ship of Fools,' I have not had an opportunity of examining. But I tire you with this long epistle; it is time to assure you,

Sir,

How truly I am yours,

RUSTICUS.

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.

I AM not aware of the sale of any curious or elegant collection of books, since that of Dr. Rawlinson's, before the year 1764; when the collection of Sir Clement Cottrell Dormer was disposed of. The catalogue was published under the following title :

‘ A Catalogue of the genuine and elegant Library of the late

Sir C. C. DORMER,

Collected by Lieutenant General James Dormer; which will be sold, &c. by Samuel Baker, at his house in York Street, Covent Garden; to begin on Monday, February the 20th, 1764, and to continue the nineteen following evenings.’ At the end of the catalogue we are told that the books were ‘in general of the best editions, and in the finest condition, many of them in *large paper*, bound in *morocco*, gilt leaves, &c.’

THIS was a very choice collection of books, consisting almost entirely of

French, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish. The number of articles did not exceed 3082, and of volumes, probably not 7000. The catalogue is neatly printed, and copies of it on *large paper* are exceedingly scarce. Among the most curious and valuable articles are the following:

No. 599. *Les Glorieuses Conquestes de Louis le Grand*, par Pontault, *en meroquin*. Paris, 1678.

N.B. *In this copy, many very fine and rare portraits are added, engraved by the most eminent masters.*

No. 604. *Recueil des Maisons Royales*, fort bien gravés par Sylvestre, &c.

N.B. In the book was the following note. '*Ce recueil des Maisons Royales n'est pas seulement complet, en toutes manières, mais on y a ajouté de plusieurs plans, que l'on ne trouvent que très rarement.*

No. 731. *Fabian's Chronicle*. 1559.

752. *Hall's ditto*. 1548.

751. *Higden's Polychronicon*. 1527.

I should suspect that Dr. Askew purchased the large paper Hutchinson's *Xenophon*, and Hudson's *Thucydides*. Nos. 2246, 2585.

No. 2249. *Don Quixote*, por Cervantes. Madr. 4to. 1605. In hoc libro hæc nota est. '*Cecy est l'edition originale; il y a une autre de la mesme année, imprimée en quarto, a Ma-*

drid, mais imprimée apres cecy. J'ay veu l'autre et je les ay comparez avec deux autres éditions du mesme année, 1605; une imprimée a Lisbonne en 4to. l'autre en Valentia, en 8vo.'

No. 2590. Thuanus by Buckley, on *large paper*, in 14 volumes, folio; a magnificent copy, illustrated with many beautiful and rare portraits of eminent characters, mentioned by De Thou.

From No. 2680 to the end of the catalogue (401 articles) there appears a choice collection of Italian and Spanish books.

WITHIN five years after the sale of Sir C. C. Dormer's books, was sold the collection of

ROBERT HOBLYN, Esq.

The title to the catalogue is as follows: 'Bibliotheca Hoblyniana; sive Catalogus Librorum, juxta exemplar, quod manu sua maxima ex parte descriptum reliquit Robertus Hoblyn, Armiger, de Nanswidden, in comitatu Cornubiæ. Londini, apud J. Murray. MDCCLXIX.'

Few catalogues contain a more sensible

and useful collection of books, or are more judiciously compiled, than the above. The 'Tituli Generales' immediately follow the title page, and are well deserving of notice by those who are busied in the formation or arrangement of libraries. The order is lucid, and the *general heads* do not exceed *eighteen* in number. The catalogue is very neatly printed, on excellent paper, in two parts, or volumes, containing in the whole 650 pages. A head of Hoblyn is usually prefixed ; and large paper copies are nearly as common as small.

I AM now, in the chronological order of booksales, to notice a collection of books, in ENGLISH LITERATURE, which for their rarity and value, in a proportionate number, have never been equalled ; I mean the library of

JAMES WEST, Esq.

President of the Royal Society.

The sale commenced on March 29, 1773, and continued for the twenty-three following days. The catalogue was digested

by SAMUEL PATERSON, a man, whose ability in such undertakings has been generally allowed. The title was as follows:

‘ BIBLIOTHECA WESTIANA; A Catalogue of the curious and truly valuable library of the late James West, Esq. President of the Royal Society, deceased: comprehending a choice collection of books in various languages, and upon most branches of polite literature: more especially such as relate to the history and antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland; their early navigators, discoverers, and improvers, and the *ancient English literature*: of which there are a great number of uncommon books and tracts, elucidated by MS. notes and original letters, and embellished with scarce portraits and devices, rarely to be found: including the works of CAXTON, LETTOU, MACHLINIA, the anonymous St. ALBANS schoolmaster, WYNKYN DE WORDE, PYNSON, and the rest of the old English typographers. Digested by

SAMUEL PATERSON, and sold by Messrs. Langfords.

The title page is succeeded by the

PREFACE.

‘THE following catalogue exhibits a very curious and uncommon collection of printed books and tracts: of British History and Antiquities, and of *rare old English Literature*, the most copious of any which has appeared for several years past; formed with great taste, and a thorough knowledge of authors and characters, by that judicious critic and able antiquary, the late JAMES WEST, Esq. President of the Royal Society.’

‘SEVERAL anonymous writers are herein brought to light—many works enlarged and further explained by their respective authors and editors—and a far greater number illustrated with the MS. notes and observations of some of our most respectable antiquaries; among whom will be found the revered names of Camden, Selden, Spelman, Somner, Dugdale, Gibson, Tanner, Nicolson,

Gale, Le Neve, Hearne, Anstis, Lewis, St. Amand, Ames, Browne, Willis, Stukely, Mr. West, &c. But, above all, the intense application and unwearied diligence of the admirable BISHOP WHITE KENNETT, upon the ecclesiastical, monastical, constitutional, and topographical history of Great Britain, so apparent throughout this collection, furnish matter even to astonishment; and are alone sufficient to establish the reputation, and to perpetuate the memory, of that illustrious prelate, without any other monuments of his greatness.'

'IN an age of general inquiry, like the present, when studies less interesting give place to the most laudable curiosity and thirst after investigating every particular, relative to the history and literature of our own country; nothing less than an elaborate digest of this valuable library could be expected; and, as a supplement to the history of English literature, more desired.'

‘That task the Editor has cheerfully undertaken: and, he flatters himself, executed as well as the short time allowed would permit. He further hopes, to the satisfaction of such who are capable of judging of its utility and importance.’

‘THE lovers of engraved English portraits (a species of modern connoisseurship which appears to have been first started by the late noble EARL of OXFORD, afterwards taken up by Mr. West, Mr. Nicolls, editor of Cromwell’s State-Papers, Mr. Ames, &c. and since perfected by the Muse of Strawberry-Hill, the Rev. Wm. Granger, and some few more ingenious collectors) may here look to find a considerable number of singular and scarce heads, and will not be disappointed in their search.’

S. P.

(An account of the books will appear in the next number.)

Royal Institution.

FOR the subject of his *fifteenth* lecture Mr. CROWE took those dramas which have been composed to ridicule theatrical productions. He shewed how this was done by the contemporaries of Shakespeare. He gave an account of the Poetaster of B. Jonson, and the Satyromastix of Dekker, which was a reply to the former. He remarked upon their grossness and personalities. The Rehearsal was the next subject of the lecturer's notice; when he observed, that its noble author had neglected the fair opportunity which presented itself of censuring the immorality and profaneness of the stage at that period,

THE pieces of a similar kind, which succeeded the Rehearsal, were then examined, and their respective merits were stated; and upon a general review of those satirical dramas, the lecturer concluded, that they appeared to have some-

times improved our theatre in matters of taste, but to have had no higher object. He observed, that this species of satire, like comedy, grew more refined, as it proceeded; and that the latter pieces of this description ridiculed the faults of dramatic writers, without outraging their feelings, by any asperity of language, or breach of good manners,

British Gallery.

No. 179. Thatching a Mill.

James Ward.

THIS is a very spirited little picture, touched in a forcible and scientific manner: but *too much* is attempted within so small a compass. The splendid sunset might have been judiciously omitted. The purple and yellow preponderate too much.

No. 186. The Plasterer. J. Cranch.

THIS beautiful cabinet picture would

have been overlooked by an eye less scientific than the purchaser's. The colouring is in a quiet cool style, and the touch admirable. The scene appears to be a perfect representation of the interior of some shattered but picturesque cottage.

Purchased by Captain Ansley.

No. 193. A Landscape with Cattle;
Evening. Miss F. Reinagle.

WHETHER the height at which this painting of Miss Reinagle's is hung, be exclusively the cause of the effect produced, it would be fastidious to inquire: certain it is, that this effect is an *excellent one*; and that the composition and colouring betray no ordinary powers of execution in the fair artist.

No. 198. Inside of a Stable.

209. Old Peasant at a Cottage Door.

Both by Westall.

THESE are painted as companions, and are very pleasing little cabinet pic-

tures. The tone of colouring is in a quiet, temperate style, and the touch masterly.

THE former *purchased by Lady Lucas*; the latter by *Sir A. Hume, Bart.*

No. 201. A Scene from Nature, Sussex.
J. Hammond.

IF ever there was a picture painted without trick or affectation, this is one. The figures and houses are appropriately grouped, and the colouring is exceedingly clear and natural. Such scenes as these, bring nature immediately before the eye; and gratify, by their simplicity, more than roaring cataracts, and tempestuous skies.

Purchased by Lord Ashbrook.

No. 212. View near Canterbury.

J. Laporte.

A PLEASING well executed little picture: the atmosphere is clear, and the effect perfectly natural.

No. 297. Moonlight scene.

G. Arnold.

Mr. ARNOLD has here executed a very difficult composition with great spirit and truth. The bridge and surrounding trees, with the gleam of moonlight in the running stream beneath, and the contending glare of a lime kiln, are all faithfully and pleasingly represented. The scenery is romantic.

Purchased by the Marquis of Stafford.

No. 297. A Landscape and Windmill.

S. W. Reynolds.

A GRAND picture: the shades are broad and deep; and the light is produced with an effect, such as we see in Rembrandt's best compositions. The general tone of colouring is of a bluish black; though there is an equal degree of warmth and coolness scattered about the picture.

Purchased by Mr. Guillemard.

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME, Paternoster Row; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM MILLER, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Bury.



THE DIRECTOR.

No. 17. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807.

*Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.*

HOR.

IN surveying the circle of the arts and sciences, and in comparing the progress of the moderns with the productions of antiquity, we have little reason to admit inferiority, except in some branches of the graphic art. We have learnt from immortal instructions, the true path of science, ascertained by experiment; and in an age of refinement, rich in scientific discoveries, fertile in poets and orators, skilled in the art of war, in navigation, in letters, and in every liberal ob-

ject of pursuit, we need not suppose that our fellow countrymen labour under any physical deficiency with regard to the arts of design. It will therefore be my object, with a view at some future time of suggesting the means of success, to take a brief survey of the excellence attained in former periods, and of the circumstances connected with it.

It is pretty clear that the carving of wood and stone is of prior date to the invention of pictures; which require a nicer and more refined process of art, and has an assigned origin in the story of the Maid of Corinth, tracing the features of her lover in an outline on the wall: while sculpture is coeval with the records of the most remote ages.

THE first habitations seem to have imitated the stems and branches of trees; and the first monuments were a heap of stones or an upright pillar. In the 28th chapter of Genesis, we find that Jacob took the stone which had served for the

support of his head during the night, and set it up for a pillar. Joshua raises a heap of stones over Achan. God is called "the stone" of Israel. When the Tribes of Israel pass the river Jordan with the ark in a miraculous manner, each is commanded to set up a stone for a memorial. The pillar of Eliseg near Langollen, which Mr. Pennant supposes to be the most ancient monument in Britain, is of similar character.

As the art advanced, two stones were erected with a traverse over them; the Pyramids of Egypt were built, and the astonishing caverns of Elephanta and Salsette, were hewn from the native rock by the Indian devotee. The first efforts of skill seem throughout the world to have been consecrated to religion, and the theology of each nation is usually blended with astronomical science. The idea impressed on the mind by these primæval structures, is that of duration. Stonehenge in our country, and the wall of China are erections of a cor-

responding character, and their massy indestructible solidity in all its rude simplicity, is perhaps more awful and majestic than any succeeding productions of a polished age. The overflowing of the waters of the Nile produced an easy and luxuriant vegetation in Egypt, and from the leisure thus afforded for mental occupation, that country became the cradle of the arts and sciences. At Thebes are still to be seen the remains of a temple, unrivalled in the world, and worthy of the city with a hundred gates. The circumference of this temple * measured thirteen stadia, the breadth of the walls twenty-four feet: the thickness of one of the portals is forty feet, and the height of two obelisks before it, each consisting of a solid block of granite, more than sixty-three feet, besides the part buried in the sand. The walls of marble (says Savary †) appear everlast-

* See Diodorus Siculus, lib. ii. chap. 30. Pococke and Norden, and Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*, lib. iii.

† Savary's *Egypt*. vol. ii. p. 41.

ing : the roof which rises in the centre is sustained by eighteen rows of columns ; those under the most lofty part are thirty feet in circumference and eighty in height.

IF Homer's chronology be correct, which there seems no reason to doubt, Thebes was in its glory 1200 years before Christ. But though these structures have a sublime grandeur from their vastness ; we must look for the perfection of the art in Greece, and at a much later age, about 800 years afterwards, when Pericles flourished.

THE intervening period is not however to be passed without notice. About 1000 years before Christ, Solomon finished the dedication of the temple ; and before this era the stupendous walls of Babylon, and its hanging gardens were erected. To the same time may be referred the magnificent capital of India, Palimbothra*.

* See Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. i.

ALL these edifices are remarkable for a display of enormous wealth, and gorgeous magnificence, rather than of fine taste. As to the riches expended on them, we may refer to the computation of Arbuthnot, who reckons (and he is more moderate than Gray in his *Memoria Technica*) that David laid up, in preparation for building the temple, 620 millions of pounds in gold, and near 200 millions in silver. This sum, however, is not to be compared with the wealth of Sardanapalus ; who, when besieged by Arbaces, king of Media (about 700 years A. C.) made his funeral pile in despair, and heaped upon it a thousand † myriads of talents in gold, and ten times as much in silver. This account, derived from Athenæus, may appear incredible ; but at the same time no modern European treasure can give adequate notions of the boundless extent of Asiatic opulence. For instance, a wealthy Bythi-

† Athenæus, lib. xii. Rollin. lib. ii, p. 201.

nian * made Darius a present of a plane tree and vine of gold, adorned with jewels hanging like grapes in clusters; and later † travellers have related that an Indian monarch began a sumptuous gallery covered with lattice work of emeralds and rubies, that should have represented "grapes when they were green, and when they begin to grow red." Let us suppose these stories exaggerated: they must have had some foundation, as we may gather from the amassed wealth of the native Sultans and Nabobs in our own times. But the true use of such narratives is to exemplify, that no splendor of affluence can compare with the skilful touches of the consummate artist: as amidst all this profusion of wealth, we meet with no symmetry in composition, no delicacy of proportion; but all is rude grandeur, or costly pageantry.

IN HOMER'S time (about 850 years

* Herodotus. Lib. vii.

† Indian Antiq. Vol. i. p. 216.

A. C.) the art of casting metals must have been brought to considerable perfection ; as appears by the description of the admirable workmanship on Achilles's shield. Homer celebrates the town of Troy, and the temple of the Pythian Apollo, for the riches they contain in precious metals, rather than for any architectural magnificence. The art of working brass and iron is of antediluvian origin ; and Dædalus, certainly one of the first artificers in Greece, did not carve the story of the unhappy Icarus in *Stone*. *Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro*, —says * Virgil.

WE now approach the period, at which the architectural and statuary art was raised in Greece to a perfection, which has never been surpassed in any age or country. About 450 years before Christ, Pericles flourished ; and at the same time that he ruled Athens by his eloquence, he raised its glory in arms, he

* Eneid. vi. 32.

amended its internal administration, and he adorned the city with the most elegant and noble edifices. He was the patron of that unrivalled sculptor, PHIDIAS : who, at his request, formed the statue of Minerva, of ivory and gold, 39 feet in height, for the Pantheon ; but the sculptor, having engraved his own likeness on the shield of the goddess, together with that of Pericles, was banished for presumption. In revenge he made for the people of Elis, to which place he had retired, the statue of Jupiter Olympius, one of the wonders of the world, the master-piece of his art, and which, according to Pliny's strong expression, no one has attempted * to emulate †. Quintilian does not scruple to affirm, that " the beauty of this statue added influence to the religion of the times : so appropriately majestic was the character of the image."

AN accurate description of the cele-

* Jovem Olympium quem nemo æmulatur. Pliny. lib. xxxv.

† Quint. Lib. xii. ch. 10.

brated temple in which this statue was placed, is given by Pausanias *. The building was of the Doric order, 230 feet in length, 95 in breadth, 68 feet high : and around it was a peristyle, or single row of columns. A colossal Jupiter was erected in front ; and on either side of the god, mythological figures in sculpture, or representations of the Olympic Games. The entrance was through gates of brass, and two ranges of columns, supporting two lofty galleries, led to the incomparable image of the Athenian artist. The King of Gods and Men was represented, seated on a throne, in which ivory, ebony, gold, and gems, were intermixed. His head was crowned with the olive ; and in his right hand was a victory, composed of gold and ivory ; while his left held a sceptre, on the top of which reposed an eagle, holding in his talons a thunderbolt. The four extremities of the throne were adorned by victories, in the attitude of dancing ; and each of his feet trode on a prostrate vic-

* Pausanias, Lib. v. c. 11.

tory. The body was ivory, and its height more than 50 feet ; the shoes and mantle were of gold, and in the folds of the latter were engraved various flowers and animals. The throne was erected on pillars of gold, on which, and the pedestal, the same admirable hand had wrought all the greater divinities, particularly Apollo, guiding the chariot of day. A dome expanded above, adorned with representations of the hours and graces ; and on the balustrade below, which kept off the crowd of votaries, the painter PANÆNUS had represented Atlas bending under the incumbent globe, and Hercules stooping to relieve him. The walls and roof displayed the labours of Hercules, painted by the same artist.

NEAR the same period may be placed the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and of Diana at Ephesus. Of the former there is no particular account, but Pliny * thus describes the latter. It was 420 feet long, and 200 feet in breadth ; and con-

* Pliny. Lib. xxxvi. ch. 14.

tained, in various disposition, 127 columns, 60 feet in height, erected by as many kings ; thirty-six of them were richly carved, and one by the celebrated Scopas. The order, according to Vitruvius, was Ionic, and the temple itself of the Dipteric kind, having two ranges of columns, in form of a double portico, quite encompassing the outside.—

I PROPOSE to continue this subject in a future paper, by some observations on the origin of painting, on the progress of the fine arts in Italy, and on the inferences to be drawn from the statements which I may have submitted to the reader. In the mean time I shall beg leave to draw his attention to a striking difference between modern and antient times.—When we view the comparative magnitude and resources of the Grecian States, we are surprised at the grandeur of their public works. Possessed as we are of unbounded commercial and colonial wealth, beyond the example of any age or country, we contemplate with a

degree of incredulous astonishment, the great and splendid patronage, by which the fine arts were fostered and encouraged in Greece;—in petty republics, the extent of whose territories were not equal to the estates of some of our nobility. We contemplate them, however, without any effort on our part to imitate these monuments of antient grandeur; the history of which would hardly be credited by the sovereigns of the greatest modern empires, but for the immense and magnificent ruins, which still attract the admiration of the traveller.

C.

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.

ANALYSIS OF MR. WEST'S CATALOGUE.

1. *Volumes of Miscellaneous Tracts.*

THESE volumes extend from No. 148 to 200, from 915 to 992, from 1201 to 1330, and from No. 1401 to 1480.—

Among them are some singularly choice and curious articles. The following is but an imperfect specimen.

- No. 154. Atkyns on Printing, *with the frontispiece*, &c. &c.
164. G. Whetstone's Honorable Profession of a Soldier, 1586, &c. &c.
179. Life and Death of Wolsey, 1641, &c. &c.
183. Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, with the Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, &c. &c.
188. A Mornyng Remembraunce, had at the Moneth Mynde of the Noble Prynces Countesse of Richmonde, &c. Wynkyn de Worde, &c.
194. Oh! read over Dr. John Bridges, for it is a worthie Worke, &c. bl. letter, &c. &c. Strange and fearful Newes from Plasto' near Bow, in the House of one Paul Fox, a Silk Weaver, where is daily to be seene throwing of Stones, Bricbats, Oyster-shells, Bread, cutting his Work in Pieces, breaking his Windows, &c. *No date!!!*
1477. Leylande's Journey and Serche, geven of hym as a Newe Yeares Gyfte to K. Henry 8th. enlarged by Bale, bl. letter. 1549.
1480. A disclosing of the great Bull and certain Calves that he hath gotten, and especially the Monster Bull that roared at my Lord Byshop's gate. Bl. letter, pr. by Daye. No date.

THE preceding afford only a very inadequate idea of the 'pithie, pleasaunt, and profittable' discourses and tracts which abounded among the miscellaneous articles of Mr. West. Whatever be the defects of modern literature, it must be allowed that we are not *quite so coarse* in the title pages of our books; though it is with indignation I mention the advertisement of a modern work, in a *Sunday News Paper*, under a title, which I shall place in the note below *.

2. Divinity.

THIS comprehended a vast mass of information, under the following general titles. Scarce Tracts. Old and New Testaments (including almost all the first

* 'THE WORLD OF FASHION, with Illustrations, Anecdotes, *Scandal*, Histories, and Characters. Written by Alfred Allendale, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. F. S. A. LL. D. &c. &c.

'Oh, what a world is this!' SHAKSPEARE.

From 'The Observer,' April 26. To be published in three volumes, 12mo.

English editions of the New Testament, which are now of the rarest occurrence). Commentators. Ecclesiastical History. Polemics. Devotions, catholic and calvinistical. Enthusiasm. Monastical History. Lives of Saints. Fathers. Missionaries. Martyrs. Modern Divines and Persons of eminent piety. Free Thinkers. Old English Primers. Meditations. Some of the earliest Popish and Puritanical Controversy. Sermons by old English Divines, &c. In the whole, 560 articles: probably about 1200 volumes.

THESE general heads are sufficient to satisfy the bibliographer, that, with such an indefatigable collector as was Mr. West, the greater part of the theological books must have been extremely rare and curious. From so *many* CAXTONS, WYNKYN DE WORDES, PYNSONS, &c. it would be difficult to select a *few* which should give a specimen of the value of the rest. Suffice it to observe, that such a cluster of *Black Letter Gems*, so

this department of English literature, has never since been seen in any sale catalogue.

3. *Education, Languages, Criticism, Classics, Dictionaries, Catalogues of Libraries, &c.*

THERE were about 700 volumes in these departments. The catalogues of English books, from that of Maunsell, in 1595, to the latest before Mr. West's time, were very complete. The treatises on education, and translations of the ancient classics, comprehended a curious and uncommon collection. The Greek and Latin classics were rather select than rare.

4. *English Poetry, Romances, and Miscellanies.*

THIS interesting part of the collection comprehended about 355 articles, or probably about 750 volumes; and if the singularly rare and curious books which may be found *under these heads alone,*

were now to be concentrated in one library, the owner of them might safely demand 4000 guineas for such a treasure. I make no doubt but that his MAJESTY is the fortunate possessor of almost every article under *all* the foregoing heads.

5. *Philosophy, Mathematics, Inventions, Agriculture and Horticulture, Medicine, Cookery, Surgery, &c.*

Two hundred and forty articles, or about 560 volumes.

6. *Chemistry, Natural History, Astrology, Sorcery, Gigantology.*

PROBABLY not more than 100 volumes. The word 'Gigantology,' first introduced by Mr. Paterson, I believe, into the English language, was used by the French more than two centuries ago. See No, 2198 in the catalogue.

7. *History and Antiquities.*

This comprehended a great number

of curious and valuable productions, relating both to foreign and domestic transactions.

8. *Heraldry and Genealogy.*

A GREAT number of curious and scarce articles may be found under these heads.

9. *Antient Legends and Chronicles.*

To the English antiquary, few departments of literature are more interesting than these. Mr. West seems to have paid particular attention to them, and to have enriched his library with many articles of this description, of the rarest occurrence. The lovers of Caxton, Fabian, Hardyng, Hall, Grafton, and Holinshed, may be highly gratified by inspecting the various editions of these old chroniclers. I entreat the diligent bibliographer to examine the first 8 articles of page 209 of the catalogue. Alas! when will all these be again united at a sale? The fortunate period for

collectors is gone by ; a knowledge of books almost every where prevails. At York, at Exeter, and in London, this knowledge may be found sometimes on the dusty stall, as well as in the splendid shop. The worth of books begins to be considered by a different standard to that of the quantity of gold on the exterior ! We are now for ‘ *drinking deep*’, as well as ‘ *tasting* !’ What an enlightened posterity may we anticipate ! But I crave pardon for this digression, and lose sight of Mr. West’s *uniques*.

10. *Topography.*

EVEN to a veteran like Mr. GOUGH, the present father of this pursuit, such a collection as may be found from p. 217 to p. 239 of the catalogue, would be considered a very first-rate acquisition. I am aware that the Gothic wainscot and stained glass windows of *Enfield Study* enshrine a still more exquisite topographical collection ! But we are improved since the days of Mr. West ; and every body knows to *whom* these im-

provements are, in a great measure, to be attributed! When I call to mind the author of '*British Topography*' and '*Sepulchral Monuments*,' I am not insensible to the taste, diligence, and erudition of the '*par nobile fratrum*,' who have gratified us with the '*Environs of London*,' and the first volume of '*Magna Britannia*!'

THE preceding is to be considered as a very general, and therefore superficial, analysis of the catalogue of Mr. West's library: copies of it, with the sums for which the books sold, are now found with difficulty, and bring a considerable price. The number of articles, on the whole, was 4653: and of the volumes, probably about 8000. It now remains to submit a sketch of Mr. West's life and character.

WELL known as must have been the character of so diligent and successful a collector, we find that his death was not noticed in the Gentleman's Magazine, (the then great channel of literary chat

chat) with any peculiar marks of distinction or regret. His name occurs in the 42d vol. p. 343, only among the dry items of necrology. In the 6th vol. I find his name in the Committee of Managers of 'the Society for the Encouragement of Learning;' in the interval between these volumes, it does not occur in a manner worth the least notice.

[*To be concluded in No. 18.*]

Royal Institution.

Mr. DAVY's *fourteenth* lecture was on the ocean, lakes, rivers, and springs, and the general chemical agency of water in the system of nature. Mr. DAVY gave an account of the great natural arrangement of this fluid in the different parts of the globe, and its various impregnations. The sea is salter towards the equator than towards the poles, and the inland lakes in the warm countries are

generally much impregnated with saline matter ; and these circumstances are of much importance in preventing the putrefactive process from going on in their waters.

THE impregnations of springs are usually destroyed by the beds over which they pass, or the different ingredients neutralise each other, and water under common circumstances, becomes purer as it flows !

British Gallery.

215. Clovelly, on the Coast of North Devon. W. Daniell.

THIS picture seems painted faithfully from the objects which presented themselves in the landscape before the artist's eye ; but the effect is rather *too shining* for nature. The touch, however, is vigorous and scientific.

249. A Scene on the Rhine, with a Float of Timber. R. Freebairn.

SUPERIOR to Mr. Freebairn's large picture; where the effect is weakened by too minute a finish. The present is a beautiful little bit of landscape; the water and boats are happily touched.

Purchased by Edward Rogers, Esq.

253. A Landscape. S. Drummond.

THIS may be called a stiff and sombre painting, but there are parts about it extremely well executed. A depth of shadow, and freedom of handling, render it no uninteresting picture to the connoisseur. The figures in the foreground are well conceived and executed.

255. A Landscape. S. W. Reynolds.

WHAT, some will remark, can there possibly be interesting in this dull composition—where clouds, smoke, and dust, are all indiscriminately convolved! I answer, much: an astonishing freedom of pencilling, and considerable knowledge of the *chiaro oscuro*, may be disco-

vered in this picture. To a young beginner it is full of instruction.

259. A Landscape, with a Waterfall in the Distance. B. Barker.

UNDOUBTEDLY this is, upon the whole, a fine picture; the background, in which a cataract tumbles from a lofty mountain, losing itself in mist, is the best executed feature in the landscape. The foreground, especially the cattle, wants force, because nature has not been accurately studied. The cows are not happily executed.

Purchased by Sir Oswald Moseley, Bart.

265. A Landscape with Sheep.

C. Cramer.

A VERY beautiful little picture. The shepherd's boy, the cattle, and particularly the back ground, evince much taste and accuracy of observation.

Purchased by the Marquis of Stafford.

269. A Landscape with Cattle, from Nature. B. Barker.

THIS is much superior to the preceding picture of Mr. Barker: and may be called a grand and beautiful composition.

Purchased by E. Loveden Loveden, Esq. M.P.

270. A Landscape and Figures, from Gesner's Death of Abel.

Rich. Corbould.

ON close examination this will appear to be a scientific composition. The branches of the tree, so prominent in the foreground, are touched with a freedom and force truly admirable: and though nature seems to put on, in this region, a sombre hue, she apologises, by the magnificence of her productions, for the want of harmonious tints. The figures are very interesting; and the atmosphere is well managed.

Purchased by Lord Ribblesdale.

274. Interior of a Wood, P. Reinagle.

THERE is an air of solitary grandeur about this picture, which cannot fail to interest those who are fond of retired

and solemn scenery. To the left, in the fore ground, a stag is quietly grazing: the only animal exhibited. The trees are touched in an artist-like manner.

279. Scene on the Banks of the Jumna,
near Delhi. T. Daniell.

A MAGNIFICENT composition: in the usual style of this celebrated artist. The tone of colouring is tender, and the whole scenery seems to be a happy representation of nature.

287. Civita Castellana.

R. R. Reinagle.

A VERY beautiful and classical composition, somewhat in the style of Zuccarelli. The landscape seems true *Italian*. Mr. Reinagle is forming his taste on very correct principles, and successfully exhibits, to the eye of an Englishman, the trees, mountains, and rivers of Italy. The tone of colouring is warm but natural.

Purchased by Viscount Ashbrook.

Published by **LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,**
Paternoster Row; **J. HATCHARD,** Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and **WILLIAM**
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1807.

*Gracia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*

HOR.

As in referring to the Temple of Elis, I have mentioned a painter among the artists employed, it may be proper to take a short view of the rise of this art. The painters of note first mentioned in history, ZEUXIS and PARRHASIUS, are about the time of the Peloponnesian war, which began 430 years A. C. and lasted 27 years. Socrates is introduced by Xenophon, conversing with Parrhasius. In the course of perhaps fifty years antecedent, there flourished

POLYGNOTUS, AGLAPHON*, and PANÆUS. The Art of Painting seems to have advanced with surprising rapidity to perfection; for we find few or no memorials of it in Homer, or in the Greek tragedians.

It is true that the use of colours is very antient: they are still to be seen on the walls of the temple of the Thebais in unfaded lustre; and three thousand years have not dimmed them on the sides of the stones which inclose Egyptian mummies. But this is a very different thing from the lively representations of pictures: nor can the gigantic figures which some travellers say are coloured on the walls of the Egyptian temples, be allowed much praise as works of art.

MOSES mentions pictures two or three times; but the word probably means painted idols, as in Jeremiah 22d, "he painteth it with vermillion." Jezebel painted her face; and in the Iliad both He-

* See Pliny, lib. 15. ch. 8, 9, &c. and Cicero in Brut.

len and Andromache are described as working flowers of various hue. "The apples of gold in pictures of silver," mentioned in the Book of Proverbs, were probably woven, or done in similar embroidery. To the same infancy of skill in this art may be referred the Mexican paintings, the monstrous designs of the Chinese artificers, and the sumptuous carpets of Persia. No proportion was observed; and the only effect produced, or intended, was a display of forms and gaudy colours, without an attempt at exactness. But Zeuxis painted a boy with grapes, so naturally executed, that the birds pecked them; and the artist was therefore angry with himself, for having failed in the figure of the boy, whose presence ought to have frightened them. This shews a considerable proficiency in the art. But, as Zeuxis deceived the birds, Parrhasius with his curtain, deceived even his rival.

In the next age, that of Alexander the Great, about 330 years A. C. flourished.

APELLES; who, according to Pliny*, excelled all painters, both before and after him. The delicacy of his colours may be gathered from Cicero's description of the COAN VENUS. "It is not flesh, but like flesh; and that redness diffused and blended with a fair skin, is not blood, but the resemblance of blood." He was in great favor with Alexander. The most celebrated performance of this artist was "the *Venus Anadyomene*," or rising from the sea; and, on account of this picture, a tribute of 100 † talents, £.19,635, was remitted by the Athenians to his native Isle of Cos.

APELLES made a voyage to Rhodes to see the Painter PROTOGENES. Calling at his house, he found only an old woman, who took care of the paintings, and seizing a brush, he drew a simple outline over a half finished picture. Protogenes, upon his return, exclaimed that

* Lib. 35. Omnes prius genitos futurosque excellit.

† Strabo. Lib. 14.

Apelles had been there; and forming a still more delicate line by that of Apelles, bade his servant shew it the stranger, if he came again. The Coan, impatient of a superior, drew a third line, which exceeded the former, and baffled the farther powers of art. Pliny says these three outlines (lineæ) almost eluding the sight, were long preserved in the Capitol at Rome, and more valued than the paintings of the best masters. Before Apelles left Rhodes he inquired the price set on the paintings of Protogenes; and some trifling sum being mentioned, he offered for them fifty talents, about ten thousand pounds of our money, sold them for his own, and thus enhanced the fame * of his rival. A long cata-

* The reader will recollect a similar circumstance in our own times: I mean that of Sir Joshua Reynolds purchasing a picture by Gainsborough, and thereby instructing the public in the value to be set on the paintings of that excellent artist.—I add another anecdote from *La Peinture*, poeme, par le Mierre.—C'est un usage établi à Rome, de faire mettre en mosaïque dans l'église de Saint Pierre, tous les ta-

logue of artists might now be named, PRAXITELES in marble, the famous LYSIPPUS * in brass, POLYCLETUS, who made a statue of so just proportion, that it was called "The Rule †;" and many others, both painters and statuaries, but

bleaux estimés. Le DOMINQUAIN ayant peint la communion de Saint Jérôme, désira cette distinction, et fit exposer son tableau dans cette eglise, pour être jugé par le public;—mais soit ignorance, soit jalousie, son ouvrage fut méconnu et relégué comme par mépris dans un lieu où il seroit peut-être encore ignoré, sans la franchise du Poussin. Ce peintre apprend où est le tableau et demande à la copier: comme il travailloit, le Dominiquain entre pour observer l'impression de son ouvrage sur un artiste habile, se tient derriere lui lie conversation, et développe sur l'art la théorie la plus lumineuse; le Poussin étonné se retourne, le voit les yeux mouillés de larmes; le Dominiquain se nomme; le Poussin jette les pinceaux, se lève et lui baise la main avec transport; il ne se borne pas à cet hommage, il employe tout son crédit pour réhabiliter le tableau, qui a été copié en mosaïque dans l'eglise de Saint Pierre.

* *Edicto vetuit ne quis se, præter Apellem, Pingeret; aut alias Lysippo duceret ara, Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia.*

Hon:

See Quintilian. Pa. 386. and Pliny.

it is sufficient for the present purpose to enumerate those of most note.

IN Italy the Pantheon was erected, or adorned, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, by his son-in-law Agrippa. He, at least, added the admirable portico, scarcely less an object of wonder than the temple itself; consisting of sixteen pillars of oriental granite, each composed of a single stone. The edifice is circular, and receives the light from an aperture in the dome of 29 feet diameter. This is the most magnificent and perfect relic of antiquity preserved to the world.

Mark ! how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amidst the domes of meaner hands !
Amidst the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great !

BUT the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on the Tarpeian Rock, was the most superb of the Roman structures. Tarquinius Priscus began it ; it was several times demolished and repaired, and pro-

bably never appeared in greater lustre than in the time of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. It is said to have covered four acres * of ground.

THE capture of Corinth by Mummius, about a century before this period, and the consequent subjugation of Greece, was the occasion of introducing a taste for the fine arts among the Romans. Before this time they paid little or no attention to painting or sculpture; and Mummius himself, it is well known, was extremely ignorant in works of art. When, however, Attalus, king of Pergamus in Mysia, offered to redeem of this Roman general the picture of Bacchus, painted by ARISTIDES, for what Pliny calls sexies sestertium, or more than £.4,800; Mummius, imagining there must be some hidden virtue in the piece, refused to part with it. The same monarch, however, redeemed another picture for 100 talents, more than †£.19,000.

* See Pliny. Lib. xxxiii. and Suet. in Aug.

† Pliny. Lib. vii. 38.

PLINY, who is my authority for this account, relates in the same place (lib. vii. 38) that Julius Cæsar bought the Medea and Ajax of TIMOMACHUS for 80 talents, £.15,500. These sums will not seem immoderate, if we consider the immense riches of Attalus, and of some individuals in Greece and Rome. They far exceed any modern example, in accumulated treasure, and profusion of expense; though the amount of circulating wealth was not so great, as in some of our capitals, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and the quantity of commodities. While in Asia the arts seem to have been merely subservient to royal magnificence, they were fostered in Greece by Pericles, and afterwards by Alexander; and at Rome by the Cæsars, and in modern times by the Medici, and their successors.

AMIDST the splendid qualities, which have adorned heroes, and added dignity to the conquerors of the world: none shines with a brighter or more perma-

nent lustre, than a taste and regard for science and the arts. Without this, the names of ALEXANDER and CÆSAR would have descended to posterity, in the same rank with those of *Attila*, *Genghis Khan*, or any other barbarous and sanguinary tyrant. The victories of LOUIS THE 14th. conferred on him no glory, to be compared with that which he acquired, by his munificence to men of superior talent and genius: and when Alexander spared the house of Pindar, at Thebes, and Demetrius that of Protogenes, at Rhodes, the distinction bestowed by these conquerors on merit, was reflected back with double honour to their own characters.

IN the cultivation of the arts, however, patronage, though it may do much, yet cannot do all. Without it, the fine arts may wither and fade in obscurity and neglect; but there have been periods, at which the hand of dominion and opulence has dispensed its bounty in vain. Pliny says, that in his time never

were such sums expended upon works of art, and yet they were in a state of degeneracy and decline. What is the reason he gives? "Because the object of the artists, which used to be glory, is now gain." The man, whose views are bounded by temporary reward, and temporary applause, has not yet felt the true and sublime enthusiasm of a superior mind. When ZEUXIS was reproached with slowness of execution, he replied, that he worked for posterity. When PHIDIAS dared to form his own likeness in conjunction with that of Pericles, it was not wealth, but glory that he desired.

To the liberality of the patron must therefore be added spirit and genius on the part of the artist, and the resolution to forego present profit, and to work his way by slow and patient degrees to perfection. Rapid execution is so delightful, and so much the theme of praise, that it is no wonder it has seduced many from an attention to more solid and cor-

rect beauties. Yet it is by no means a proof of a superior mind, to be easily satisfied with its own performances : much less is it the mark of genius, to execute any work hastily and ill. Labour, labour in one shape or another, is the price which man must pay for excellence in every art, science, and pursuit. Facility and skill are only to be acquired by severe and patient perseverance in study and practice.

PATRONAGE and study, however, and even talents, will fail of their object, if the artist's views do not receive a proper *direction*. Under the prevalence of a false taste, or a feeble, hard, or ill-conceived manner, nothing highly excellent can be expected. The beginner must necessarily be a copyist ; and the difficulty is what style he should select for imitation. When LYSIPPUS was asked what model he preferred ; he replied, pointing to a multitude of persons assembled, that nature was the artist's best pattern. And in fact, the transcendent attainments of the an-

tients may be ascribed to no one cause, more than to this, that they did not servilely follow this or that example, but aimed at perfection. The same commanding spirit taught them to disdain superficial, affected, gaudy ornaments, and to adopt a chaste and simple style of manly grace. To their example the modern artist must still be referred for colouring and disposition, and above all, for animated character.

Athens, and afterwards Rome, gave all foreign people the appellation of barbarians. Wherefore was it? Because they were deficient in bravery? No; for that was not the case. It was because they were ignorant of the refined pursuits and enjoyments of cultivated life, and of the intellectual attainments of art and science. Athens and Rome have been the most distinguished states on the theatre of the world; and they do not owe that distinction to their courage and conquests alone, for other nations have been brave and victorious; for example the Tartars,

the Germans, and the inhabitants of Asia. Yet the memorial of these tribes has almost perished, except in the history of certain great events. Athens and Rome were most eminent at the time the arts flourished among the inhabitants in perfection, and it is their long continued train of sculptors, painters, poets, orators, historians, contemporary with their powerful statesmen, which has given these two states the prerogative of superiority, and shed around them a dazzling blaze of eternal glory. C.

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.**Some Account of Mr. JAMES WEST.**

[Continued from No. 17.]

MR. NICHOLS, in his amusing biography of Bowyer, has not devoted so large a portion of his pages to the description of Mr. West's collection, life,

and character, as he has to many collectors, who have been less eminently distinguished in the bibliographical world. Whether this was the result of the paucity, or incongruity of his materials; or whether, from feelings of delicacy he might not choose to declare all he knew, are points into which I have neither right nor inclination to inquire.

It cannot be denied that strange stories have been told about the *mode* of his occasionally acquiring books; but, whether by lucky bargains, generous gifts, or singular discoveries, it were now idle to investigate: nor will I in the least pretend to admit, or reject, or doubt the fact of his having got possession of a certain *unique MS.* which he parted with in a manner highly to his own gratification, and to the increase of his revenues.

THE following is literally from Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer. 'James West, of Alscott, in the county of Warwick, Esq. M. A. of Baliol College, Ox-

ford (son of Richard West, said to be descended, according to family tradition, from Leonard, a younger son of Thomas West, Lord Delawar, who died in 1525), was representative in parliament for St. Albans, in 1741; and, being appointed one of the joint Secretaries of the Treasury, held that office till 1762. In 1765 or 1766, his old patron the Duke of Newcastle obtained for him a pension of £. 2000 a year. He was an early Member, and one of the Vice Presidents, of the Antiquary Society; and was first Treasurer, and afterwards President, of the Royal Society. He married the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Stephens, timber merchant, in Southwark, with whom he had a large fortune in houses in Rotherhithe; and by whom he had a son James West, Esq. now (1782) of Alscott, one of the Auditors of the Land Tax, and sometime Member of Parliament for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire (who in 1774 married the daughter of Christopher Wren, of Wroxhall, in Warwickshire, Esq.) and two

daughters. Mr. West died in July, 1772. His large and valuable collection of MANUSCRIPTS was sold to the *Earl of Shelburne**. His very valuable collection of

* THE LANSDOWNE MANUSCRIPTS, which, after the sale of the BOOKS, were to have been disposed of by public auction, about a month ago, are now, to the joy of every rational man, most probably to be deposited in that great national receptacle, the BRITISH MUSEUM. At least, a character of high intellectual rank has introduced the subject to the notice of *Parliament*: and it is sincerely to be hoped, that the same patriotic spirit which prevented the dispersion of the HARLEIAN and COTTONIAN MANUSCRIPTS, and the TOWNLEY MARBLES, will, on the present occasion, maintain its reputation and consistency, by enacting, 'that THESE MANUSCRIPTS do become national property!' The spirit of the *Chair*, if it be again filled as it has been wont to be filled, will not, I am confident, be wanting to give efficacy to any measure which has for its object the *preservation and diffusion of knowledge*. I shall most probably continue this note to some good purpose, if I extract for the gratification of all worthy bibliographers, THE PREFACE to the *first volume of the catalogue of these MSS.* as published by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, about three months ago. It is literally as follows:

'THE late Marquis of Lansdowne's manuscripts unquestionably form one of the noblest and most va-

books, (including the MS. notes of many learned men, already noticed in the Pre-

luable private collections in the kingdom. They were principally accumulated by the industry of the two celebrated Collectors, Mr. JAMES WEST and Mr. PH. CARTERET WEBB, whose favourite study and amusement it was, to procure and preserve all the original papers and records, which they could meet with, relative to the laws, customs, government, topography, and history, both civil and ecclesiastical, of England and Ireland.

Mr. JAMES WEST's collection includes one hundred and fifteen volumes, in folio, of original Cecil Papers, with materials sufficient to make up the number one hundred and twenty. These papers were bought in 1682 by Mr. Richard Chiswell, a stationer of London, of Sir William Hickes, the great grandson of Sir Michael Hickes, who was Secretary both to Lord Burleigh, and to his son, the Earl of Salisbury. They were afterwards sold to Mr. John Strype, Vicar of Low Leighton, of whose executor they were purchased by Mr. West. These manuscripts were scarcely, if at all, known to Collins, Murdin, Jones, Birch, and other publishers of State Papers; and yet, if we except those of the Earl of Hardwick, no papers were more deserving of publication. In Mr. J. West's collection there are also Bishop Kennet's Historical Papers, which are very voluminous and valuable;—likewise Surveys, and other materials for the histories of the different counties of England, particularly Sussex and York-

face) was sold by auction (as before stated.) The sale lasted 24 days. His

shire, which were collected by Warburton, Anstis, and other antiquaries ;—also considerable treasures in the department of Family History, and Pedigree, with Heraldical Collections of Le Neve, and most of the Heralds and Kings at Arms, back to the time of Glover and Camden ;—and many original Abbey Registers of great value, as Records in tythe causes, &c.—and finally, every paper and volume that could be procured, relative to the office of Secretary to the Treasury, which Mr. West enjoyed for many years. His intimacy with the second Harley, Earl of Oxford, seems to have contributed much to enrich him in several of the aforementioned particulars.

‘MR. PH. CARTERET WEBB’S Collection, consisting chiefly of Parliamentary and Revenue History, contains numberless curious articles relative to the Chancery, Exchequer, and Treasury, the Spiritual and the Admiralty Courts, Wards and Livery, Star Chamber, &c. Among these are above thirty volumes of the Papers of Sir Julius Cæsar, Judge of the Admiralty in Queen Elizabeth’s time, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls in the time of James I. and Charles I. From them may be gained almost a complete history of the finances of those reigns, together with much secret information, and many curious unpublished State Papers, connected with the general history of those times. Sir Julius Cæsar’s manuscripts were exposed to sale many years ago, at an auction in St. Paul’s Church

Prints and Drawings were sold in 13 days: Coins and Medals, in 7: Plate and

Yard, where Mr. West and Mr. Webb became the principal purchasers of them. Mr. Webb, being Solicitor to the Treasury, was likewise attentive to collect all memorials of the business of that office down to his own time. Several volumes of his manuscripts belonged to Lord Somers; and many, not the least curious, relative to law business, were the property of Mr. Umfreville, who, having incurred an extraordinary expense in carrying his election as Coroner for Middlesex, was under the necessity of selling his collection.

‘IN addition to the two collections which have been already described, there are many volumes of copies, done at a great expense, from the Tower and Cottonian Records. Many of them are of singular value, as they preserve the contents of some originals which are obliterated, burnt, or lost. There is likewise a very considerable collection of original letters to and from the kings and queens of England and Scotland, from the time of Henry VIII. to that of George II.

‘FOR the extent of the present Catalogue no apology is deemed necessary. If any manuscripts ever deserved a circumstantial Catalogue, these surely do. The trouble which it has cost, and the expense which it has incurred, are far outweighed by the single consideration, that a Catalogue of this description will not only improve the value of the property,

Miscellaneous Curiosities, in 7: Pictures, Framed Prints, and Drawings, in 4 days, the same year.'

Royal Institution.

Mr. DAVY, in his *fifteenth* lecture, on *the chemical phenomena of nature*, considered the general effects of water in equalizing the temperature of the globe. Seas are warmer in winter and colder in summer than the countries which they surround; and these circumstances are connected with admirable effects in the general system.

THE great rains in the tropical climates take place chiefly in the hot season: but in the polar regions in the cold

but, it is hoped, confer an important and permanent advantage upon the Republic of Letters.'

season : and the heat is mitigated in one case, and the cold in the other.

THE anomaly of the superior specific gravity of water, as compared with ice, Mr. Davy stated as of great use; for if it had been capable of forming at the bottom of the sea, it must have continually accumulated : but it is produced only at the surface, where it is exposed to the sun and air.

British Gallery.

No. 193. A Landscape and Cattle.
Evening.

No. 205. A Landscape and Figures.
Both by Miss F. Reinagle.

MISS REINAGLE has an exceedingly good taste. The composition in these landscapes, is excellent ; and reminds us

a little of Claude. The colouring is rather *too violent*: but when time shall have somewhat remedied this defect, these pictures will have considerable claim to the notice and approbation of the connoisseur.

202. Tintern Abbey. G. Arnold.

THESE beautiful ruins are not placed in an advantageous light: on a close inspection, however, there will be found to be great knowledge of handling, and judicious arrangement of scenery, in this pleasing production of Mr. Arnold's pencil.

Purchased by Lord Granville Leveson Gower.

223. Rigby Park. R. R. Reinagle.

A VERY pleasing picture, in the manner of Hobbima. Nothing can be more rural and picturesque than this bit of scenery. *Nature* seems to have been studied in preference to those meretricious ornaments and graces which de-

stroy the effect of one half of the productions of our landscape painters.

226. Caernarvon Castle, North Wales.

W. Daniell.

THIS picture is rather *too lucid* for nature. The touch is firm and masterly, but there is a gloss about it which equally pervades the land and water.

232. Landscape with Wool Pickers.

T. Barker.

PERHAPS the very best of Mr. Barker's landscapes. His pictures in general become feeble, in proportion to the extension of his canvass. In the present, there is a truth and firmness of manner displayed both in the figures and the landscape; and though the colouring is rather too raw, and the lights and shadows want breadth and harmony, there is, nevertheless, great knowledge of nature, and felicity of execution, displayed in this composition.

252. A Landscape. T. Walker.

THE touch is peculiar, but bold and picturesque: those who like *majestic scenery* and *expansive views*, will probably not deign to look at this production: but to the connoisseur, the squareness and decision of touch here evinced, will secure to it, notice and applause.

260. Cattle. J. Ward.

THERE are parts of this picture composed in the manner of Cuyp; especially the cattle on the raised ground. Every thing is well touched, but not characteristically. The same style for pigs, cows, land, water, and skies, is, certainly, not correct. The lengthened *draggling* touch may succeed on the back of the cow, bull, or pig; but in trees and the foreground, it has not an appropriate effect.

Purchased by Sir Wm. Beechey, Knt.

263. Landscape, Evening, Twilight coming on. C. Cranmer.

THIS composition is certainly magnificent. The azure, retiring light upon the distant mountains, is finely contrasted with the depth and solemnity of the foreground. The position of this picture is not favourable to the discovery of its merits.

281. View on the Thames, near Richmond. W. Daniell.

THERE can be but one opinion respecting this cabinet picture, and that must surely be a favourable one. The composition is beautiful: the figures fishing in the foreground, the boats gliding down the stream, and the distant houses on Richmond Hill, all contribute to produce an effect the most natural and pleasing. Here is no affectation, either in composition or colouring.

299. Liboya Serpent destroying a Tiger. J. Ward.

MRS. WARD has justly obtained a celebrity in these kind of representations: but, in the present picture, it may be questioned whether the folds of the ser-

pent are not a little fanciful, and the *mouth* of the *tiger* does not resemble that of a *dog* or a *wolf*?

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
Paternoster Row; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Bury.

THE OCEANIC COAST GUARD
OF THE UNITED STATES
NAVY

NO. 1000

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1807.

Caterarum rerum studia, doctrina, et praeceptis, et arte constare: poetam natura ipsa valere.

CIC.

THE characters of the poet and painter have been often compared; and the analogy between their objects and their methods is so striking, as to have been generally felt and acknowledged. Visible images constitute the great charm of poetry, and they are the elements of painting: and the end of both arts is to represent the admirable in nature, and to awaken pleasurable, useful, or noble feelings. Painting, however, ap-

194 *Parallels between Art and Science.*

peals to the eye by immediate characters ; it possesses a stronger chain of association with passion ; it is a more distinct and energetic language, and acts first by awakening sensation, and then ideas. Poetry is less forcible ; for it operates only by imagination and memory, and not by immediate impression ; unless indeed in the performances of the drama, or in impassioned recitation. A representation by words is inferior in strength to representation by images ; —but it has the advantage in being more varied, and capable of a more extensive application. It speaks of sentiments and thoughts and affections, which can never be delineated by the pencil ; and it has within its power, not only the world of sensation, but likewise the world of intellect.

In music the powers of art are infinitely more limited, than in poetry or painting. The pleasure results from mere combinations of sounds ; and is as tran-

Parallels between Art and Science. 195

sient as the motions of the air, by which they are produced. To communicate feeling is the highest attribute of the art. Its means are wholly inadequate to convey ideas : and the attempts at imitation have generally produced only a ludicrous effect. It has this advantage, however, over poetry and painting, that its influence is more immediate and instantaneous, and perceived without study or reflection ; that it acts as if by enchantment, and appealing merely to sensation, yet subdues both imagination and memory ; makes the soul obedient to its impulses, and creates for the time a world of its own.

THE mechanical arts and the fine arts can hardly be compared ; the objects of the first being utility, of the last, pleasure. The mechanical arts delight us only indirectly, and by distant associations ; the fine arts either directly, or by immediate associations. The steam-engine may be an object of wonder, as connected with the power by which it

196 *Parallels between Art and Science.*

was produced, and the power which it exerts; but to understand its beneficial effects requires extensive knowledge, or a long detail of facts. Mechanism in general is too complicated to produce any general effect of pleasure. Inventions are admired by the multitude, more on account of their novelty or strangeness, than on account of their use or ingenuity. The watch which is the guide of our time, is employed and considered with indifference: but we pay half a crown, to see a self moving spider of steel.

IN the truths of the natural sciences there is perhaps a nearer analogy to the productions of the refined arts. The contemplation of the laws of the universe is connected with an immediate tranquil exaltation of mind, and pure mental enjoyment. The perception of truth is almost as simple a feeling, as the perception of beauty: and the genius of Newton, of Shakspeare, of Michael Angelo, and of Handel, are not very remote in character from each other.

Parallels between Art and Science. 197

Imagination, as well as reason, is necessary to perfection, in the philosophical mind. A rapidity of combination, a power of perceiving analogies, and of comparing them by facts is the creative source of discovery. Discrimination and delicacy of sensation, so important in physical research, are other words for *taste* ; and the love of nature is the same passion, as the love of the magnificent, the sublime, and the beautiful.

THE pleasure derived from great philosophical discoveries is less popular, and more limited, in its immediate effect, than that derived from the refined arts ; but it is more durable, and less connected with fashion or caprice. Canvass and wood, and even stone, will decay. The work of a great artist loses all its spirit in the copy. Words are mutable and fleeting ; and the genius of poetry is often dissipated in translation. The compositions of music may remain ; but the hand of execution may be wanting. Nature cannot decay : the language of her

interpreters will be the same in all times. It will be an universal tongue; speaking to all countries, and all ages, the excellence of the work, and the wisdom of the Creator.

A.

THE following remarks on the Utility of Remains of Antiquity are transmitted by a friend, to whom the Director has already with pleasure acknowledged his obligation for other communications.

Mr. Director,

THERE exists an idea, with some persons, that remains of antiquity are only valued, because they are old, and consequently scarce; and that therefore, the more, by being cracked or mutilated, corroded with rust, or covered with dirt, reduced to a shapeless mass, or mouldered away to an insignificant fragment, they bear the external marks of age and decay, the more they rise in the estimation of their admirers.

TILL very lately, I must confess, I

imagined this ridiculous idea to have been entirely confined to the vulgar and the illiterate, to those who never had had any opportunity of seeing the finest collections of antient works of art, or even of hearing or reading the encomiums, bestowed on these collections by men of understanding and of science; and, accordingly, only thought the stale jokes and insipid jests, which such uninformed persons would occasionally indulge themselves in what they are pleased to call collections of old pots and pans, deserving of silent contempt.

BUT, to my inexpressible astonishment, I have lately found some men, even among those who enjoy a certain reputation in letters, so profoundly ignorant with regard to the fine arts, as to entertain the same strange prejudice with the vulgar; and to feel no hesitation at ushering it into print, for the edification of the public, enlivened by the same set of elegant and novel jests, and moreover accompanied by a sly insinu-

200 *Utility of Remains of Antiquity.*

ation that Government, last year, did but a silly thing in purchasing, at the expense of some thousand pounds, for the improvement of the artists, and thus for the benefit of the whole nation, the assemblage of antient marbles and terracottas, formed by the late Mr. Townley : and though such opinions, when broached by men that might and ought to be better informed, deserve a still greater degree of contempt, than when only conceived by those that enjoy the full privilege of ignorance, yet should they no longer, when they thus disgrace even the publications of the former, be passed over in total silence ; least this silence be construed into assent, and their authority give weight to the error.

I THEREFORE beg to state, for the information of gentlemen thus uninformed concerning the fine arts, the following facts, which I find I was wrong in thinking sufficiently notorious to all men of ordinary education.

THE Medici of Florence, and the other sovereigns of Italy, who, when Europe began to emerge from the long and dreary night of ignorance and gothicism, first busied themselves with restoring to light numberless remains of Grecian art, and who placed these precious relics of former ages in magnificent repositories, did so, in the first place, because many of these productions, far surpassing in excellence of workmanship the finest specimens which could be produced by the artists of their own day, at once offered a greater means of embellishment to their palaces, and a worthier object of study and imitation to their subjects. Secondly, because many others, without being equally excellent in point of art, yet, by retracing a variety of ancient events, rites, customs, arms, utensils, insignia, historic and mythologic facts, &c. were equally interesting in the eyes of literature and of science. Thirdly, because many others again, however impaired by the sharp tooth of time, yet left the trace of their once beautiful

202 *Utility of Remains of Antiquity.*

shape and ornaments still sufficiently discernible, to become most fit models for the improvement of every species of modern manufacture, as well as art ; from the chasing of the finest gold and silver plate, to the moulding of the coarsest earthen-ware and pottery. And fourthly and lastly, because even those few remnants (and few they were) that had nothing to recommend them, either to the antiquarian, the artist, or the manufacturer, to the lover of science, or to the wooer of the Muses, yet, on account of the soil in which they arose, and of the nation by which they were wrought, were enabled to occasion associations of the most delightful ideas, to every feeling and cultivated mind.

So far, however, from the relics, that formed the first musæa, or repositories of the Muses, (as they were most appropriately denominated) being reckoned more valuable, in proportion as they were more broken and more disfigured, more rusty and more weather-stained,

any one who is not wholly ignorant in matters of art, knows well that every antique statue, bronze, gem, coin or vase, is more esteemed in proportion as, to its other intellectual and visible merits, it adds the recommendation of being more entire, better preserved, and retaining in a greater degree the very polish of the ancient tool, or the very lustre of the ancient varnish.

It is those repositories of ancient art, first established by sovereigns, afterwards imitated by private individuals, that have been the most effectual nurseries of that modern art, which, in general, its worst judges are those that affect most to extol above the former. It is those collections that inspired and that guided in the path of beauty a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and all the most celebrated artists of Italy and other countries, who, uniformly, were the foremost to acknowledge the source, whence they derive their excellence; and to this hour the most eminent among the artists of our

204 *Utility of Remains of Antiquity.*

own island, a Flaxman, a Nollekins, a Westmacott, and others ; nay, the most elegant among British manufacturers, a Wedgwood and a Rundle, will own that, to the study and imitation of the chef-d'œuvres of the ancients, they owe the superiority which they already have attained ; and that only, in proportion as the collections of such works are more resorted to and more studied, their productions can still be expected to improve in taste and in beauty.

WITH a view to facilitate this necessary study, to our artists and manufacturers of every description, Parliament last year voted the purchase of Mr. Townley's statues and bas-reliefs : and hitherto sovereigns have considered the acquisition of such collections, for such a purpose, as among their highest titles to the gratitude of their own subjects, and to the applause of foreigners. They have been celebrated for their judgment, as well as their liberality, by men of taste and learning, in all ages and countries.

It was reserved for England to find among its natives, nay, among its literati, men, either so unenlightened as not to feel the policy and the wisdom of such a measure, or so unpatriotic, as, feeling these, still to condemn it, merely because their vanity is of so morbid a description, as to view with impatience and ill humour every object of public attention, in which they themselves are not enabled to bear a direct share.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

A. Z.

To the Editor of the Director.

Sir,

In your amusing weekly journal, I perceive that you have occasionally stepped aside from the severity of literary and scientific pursuits, and have indulged your readers by the perusal of facetious and witty productions. Your 'Art of good Living', 'Remarks on the Drama,' 'Modern Beaus and Belles,' and 'A Walk in London,' are all written with much urbanity, and in a proper strain of satire. I sincerely hope the world may be benefited by such publications.

The literature of the present day has not yet formed a subject of discussion with you, or your correspondents: whether it be considered unworthy, or unfit for the particular purposes, of your Journal, I will not take upon me to pronounce; in the present instance, all the indulgence I claim is to call your attention to some of the literature of former times.

WHATEVER be the defects of modern genius, or of the present general public spirit, there are certainly none in regard to the paying of a proper deference and respect to the works of past ages. I have nothing to do with Homer and the Greeks, nor with Virgil and the Romans; it were a waste of words and of time to devote *one period* to their praises. Of our own countrymen, the same may be said in regard to Chaucer, Milton, and Dryden—All these have received, and continue to receive, our unbounded admiration :

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.
Nations unborn their mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found.

BUT, Sir, our gratitude to our *ancestors* is still more widely extending itself. We have reprinted BURTON'S *Melancholy*, FROISSART'S and JOINVILLE'S *Chronicles*, JEREMY TAYLOR'S *Holy Living and Dying*, and are now meditating a new edition of HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLES. These literary undertakings reflect great honour

upon those by whom they are conducted: may such a spirit of enterprize never be extinguished in this country ! for it keeps alive a love of every thing that is connected with civilization and virtue !

OF authors, who have long gone down to their graves, I know few who have more powerfully affected me than FRANCIS QUARLES. He wrote in poetry and in prose, and upon a great variety of miscellaneous subjects. Pursuing, therefore, the train of thinking which at first induced me to submit to you my reflections ‘ *On neglected English Literature*’, I flatter myself the present trifling notice of the ‘ *Meditations*’ of QUARLES, will not be unacceptable to the generality of your readers, and as it treats of rather a scarce little book, it may be considered as having some affinity to your ‘ *Bibliographiana*.’ I do this with the greater cheerfulness, because there is a new edition of the work *in the press*.

Leaving the enumeration of *all* Quarles’s

works to the editor of his *Meditations*, and without troubling myself with the author's *life* and *labours* (which are both to be noticed in this new edition) I shall take Horace's advice, and rush directly into my subject.

THE 'MEDITATIONS' of Francis Quarles were first, I believe, published at London, in a small octavo volume, in 1646, under the title of 'JUDGEMENT and MERCY FOR AFFLICTED SOULS, or, *Meditations, Soliloquies and Prayers*:'—there was a second part, with the same title, published at Cambridge the same year, which is usually bound with the first.

THE plan of the work is briefly this: The author makes a variety of immoral characters indulging themselves in studied commendations, (under the most plausible modes of reasoning) of their particular vicious habits. Thus the drunkard, liar, profligate, &c. each praises his own immoral pursuit—but immediately afterwards there occur to them certain prohibitory texts of scripture; this produces re-

morse—which is followed by a *Soliloquy* on the heinousness of their crimes, and by a *Prayer* to Heaven that they may be blotted out and forgiven.

IN the *second part* the same plan is observed, except that the first Meditation is not in a boasting and commendatory style, but in a tone of melancholy and despair. The soliloquy, in each, equally reproves, and the prayer equally affords consolation.

I SUBJOIN two specimens of the first part; reserving those of the *second*, for your next number; by which the reader may have an opportunity of witnessing a fertility of fancy, and a cogency of expression, that have rarely been eclipsed, even by the genius of JEREMY TAYLOR! There is something about the periods of Quarles quite original: He abounds in compound epithets, but they are, in general, well chosen, and produce a strong effect. Browne, the author of 'Vulgar Errors,' seems to have studied him atten-

tively, and I suspect that the pious and learned Jeremy Taylor formed his style in some measure on that of Quarles. Our author sometimes displays a copiousness, a richness, and energy, which are perfectly enchanting—but I am only tantalising the reader, by keeping back the promised specimens in support of my remarks—Let me, however, premise, that I make Quarles's *orthography* subservient to our own, but strictly adhere to the words of his composition.

THE DRUNKARD'S JUBILEE.

“WHAT complement will the severer world allow to the vacant hours of frolic-hearted youth? How shall their free, their jovial spirits, entertain their time, their friends? What oil shall be infused into the lamp of dear society, if they deny the privilege of a civil, rejoicing cup? It is the life, the radical humour of united souls, whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof, new married friendship falls

into divorce, and joined acquaintance soon resolves into the first elements of strangeness. What mean these strict reformers, thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawl against our harmless cups; to call our meetings riots, and brand our civil mirth with styles of loose intemperance? whilst they can sit at a sister's feast, devour and gormandize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and clothe their surfeits in the long fustian robes of a tedious grace! Is it not much better in a fair friendly round (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping cup, than hazard our estates upon the abuse of Providence in a foolish cast at *dice*? Or at a *cockpit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful contention? Or spend our wanton days in sacrificing costly presents to a *fleshy idol*? Was not wine given to exhilarate the drooping hearts, and raise the drowsy spirits of dejected souls? Is not the liberal cup the sucking bottle of the sons of Phœbus, to solace and refresh

their palates in the nights of sad invention? Let dry-brained zealots spend their idle breaths, *my* cups shall be my *cordials*, to restore my care-befeebled heart to the true temper of a well-complexioned mirth: my solid brains are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered senses, or interruption of my boon companions: my tongue can, in the very zenith of my cups, deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts, with better sense, than these my grave reformers can their best advised prayers. My constitution is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendous vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of Bacchus. My reason shrinks not; my passion burns not.

“O, BUT my Soul, I hear a threatening voice, that interrupts my language:

Woe be to them that are mighty to drink wine.

Isa. v. 22.

Prov. xx. 1.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging,

214 *On Neglected English Literature.*

and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise.

Isa. v. 11.

Woe be to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink; that continue till night, until wine inflame them.

Prov. xxiii. 20.

Be not amongst wine bibbers.

1 Cor. v. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company, if any that is called a brother, be a drunkard; with such a one, no not to eat.

His Soliloquy.

“My soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment: there is no kicking against pricks, or arguing against divine truth. Pleadest thou custom? custom in sin multiplies it: pleadest thou society? society in the offence, aggravates the punishment: pleadest thou help to invention? woe be to that barrenness, that wants such showers: pleadest thou strength to bear much wine? “Woe be to

them that are mighty, to drink strong drink. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy Creator, in abusing that creature he made to serve thee: thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the Creator's dishonour: thou hast sinned against thyself, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that blessing thou hast turned into a curse! How many thirst, whilst thou surfeitest! What satisfaction wilt thou give to the Creator, to the creature, to thyself, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thyself, by a sober life; to the creature, by a right use; to thy Creator, by a true repentance; the way to all which, is prayer and thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

“ How truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sin! How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me, O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level.

Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth ; I was no sooner born, but I was a slave to sin, and all my life is nothing but the practice and the trade of high rebellion ; I have turned thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness ; yet hast thou been my God, even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mother's breast: thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution ; but, like a swine, I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glanced into my breast the blessed motions of thy Holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring tides of my born corruption. Be merciful, O God, unto me ; have mercy on me, O thou Son of David : I cannot, O Lord, expect the children's bread, yet suffer me to lick the crumbs that fall beneath their table ; I, that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me, according to the goodness of thy mercy, and not according to the great-

ness of my offences: Give me, O God, a sober heart, and a lawful moderation in the enjoyment of thy creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse: in all my dejections, be thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilness of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time: wean me from the pleasure of vain society, and let my companions be such as fear thee: forgive all such as have been partners in my sin, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerful in reformation. Allay that lust which my intemperance has inflamed, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy Good Spirit; make me thankful for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER'S
PROFANATION.

THE glittering prince, that sits upon

his regal, and imperial throne, and the ignoble peasant, that sleeps within his sordid house of thatch, are both alike to God: an ivory temple, and a church of clay, are prized alike by him: the flesh of bulls, and the perfumes of myrrh and cassia smoke his altars with an equal pleasure; and does he make such difference of days? Is he that was so weary of the new moons, so taken with the sun, to tie his Sabbath to that only day? The tenth in tithes, is any one in ten; and why the seventh day not any one in seven? We sanctify the day, the day not us. But are we Jews? Are we still bound to keep a legal Sabbath, in the strictness of the letter? Have the Gentiles no privilege, by virtue of Messiah's coming, or has the Evangelical Sabbath no immunities? The service done, the day's discharged, my liberty restored; and if I meet my profits, or my pleasures then, I will give them entertainment. If business call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear. Or, if my sports invite me, I will entertain them with a cheerful

heart: I will go to matins with as much devotion as my neighbour; I will make as low obeisance, and as just responds, as any; but soon as the evensong's ended, my Church-devotion and my Psalter shall sanctify my pew till the next Sabbath call. Were it no more for an old custom sake, than for the good I find in Sabbaths, that ceremony might as well be spared. It is a day of rest; and what's a rest? a relaxation from the toil of labour. And what is labour, but a painful exercise of the frail body? But when the exercise admits no toil, their relaxation makes no rest. What labour is it for the worldly man to compass sea and land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient lover to measure Hellespont with his widened arms to hasten his delight? What labour for the youth to number music with their sprightly paces? Where pleasure is reconciled to labour, labour is but an active rest: why should the Sabbath, then, a day of rest, divorce thee from those delights that make thy rest? Afflict their souls that

220 *On Neglected English Literature.*

please, my rest shall be what most conduces to my heart's delight. Two hours will vent more prayers than I shall need, the rest remains for pleasure.

“CONSCIENCE, why startest thou? A judgment strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off. Exod. xxxi. 14.

Exod. xx.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day; six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. xxxi. 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. xxxi. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your generations.

Luke xxiii. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath day, according to the Commandment.

His Soliloquy.

“MY soul, how hast thou profaned that day thy God hath sanctified ! How hast thou encroached on that which Heaven hath set apart ! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath twelve hours, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetual Sabbath ? Is six days too little for thyself, and two hours too much for thy God ? O, my soul, how dost thou prize temporals beyond eternals ! Is it equal, that God, who gave thee a body, and six days to provide for it, should demand one day of thee, and be denied it ? How liberal a receiver art thou, and how miserable a requiter ! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the apple of his eye : he that hath power to vindicate the breach of it, hath threatened judgments to the breaker of it. The God of mercy, that hath mitigated the rigour of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness’ sake : forget not, then, my soul, to remember his Sabbaths, and

222 *On Neglected English Literature.*

remember not to forget his judgments, lest he forget to remember thee in mercy. What thou hast neglected, bewail with contrition ; and what thou hast repented, forsake with resolution ; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with devotion.

His Prayer.

“ O ETERNAL, just, and all-discerning Judge ; in thyself, glorious ; in thy Son, gracious ; who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a jury. O ! I confess my very actions have betrayed me ; thy word hath brought in evidence against me ; my own conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgment hath passed sentence against me. And what have I now to plead but my own misery, and whither should that misery flee, but to the God of mercy ? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave myself, I here disclaim all interest in myself, and utterly renounce myself. I, that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy name ; I, that was made for thy service, have profaned thy Sabbaths ; I have

slighted thy ordinances, and turned my back upon thy sanctuary ; I have neglected thy sacraments, abused thy word, despised thy ministers, and despised their ministry ; I have come into thy courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawn near with uncircumcised lips : and, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy rest. The glory of thy name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the apple of thine eye : but thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thyself the Lord of mercy. The constitution of thy Sabbath was a work of time ; but, Lord, thy mercy is from all eternity ; I, that have broke thy Sabbaths, do here present thee with a broken heart ; thy hand is not shortened, that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafened that thou canst not hear : stretch forth thy hand, O God, and heal my wounds. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my prayers ; alter the fabric of my sinful heart, and make it tender of thy glory ; make me ambitious of thy

224 *On Neglected English Literature.*

service, and let thy Sabbaths be my whole delight ; give me a holy reverence of thy word, that it may prove a light to my steps, and a lantern to my feet. Endue my heart with charity and faith, that I may find a comfort in thy sacraments. Bless thou the ministers of thy sacred word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their doctrine, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal church in these distracted times ; give her peace, unity, and uniformity ; purge her of all schism, error, and superstition ; let the king's daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty, that being honoured here, to be a member of her militant, I may be glorified with her triumphant."

(To be continued.)

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
Paternoster Row ; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly ; and WILLIAM
MILLEN, Albemarle Street.

William Savage, Printer, Bedford Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 20. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1807.

VICE IS NEVER SO DANGEROUS, AS WHEN IT
ASSUMES THE GARB OF MORALITY.

Preface to Lovers' Vows.

IN dramatic compositions, when the hopes and fears of mankind are delineated with a masterly hand, when the former are shown to be abortive even in the promised moment of enjoyment, and when the latter are unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen and providential intervention, the mind receives a double benefit from the representation. It learns moderation and temperance, in the current of prosperity; it acquires fortitude

VOL. II.

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and resignation, amidst the storms of adversity.

THE drama combines all the various powers of the imitative arts, and at the same time unites duties, arduous and honorable in themselves, and highly beneficial to the community. While it has the charms of poetry in language, of painting in scenery, of statuary in form and figure, and of music in melody and harmony of sounds,—it has the power of displaying the uncertainty of earthly grandeur, of marking the calamitous end of violence and injustice, and of thereby cautioning the unwary heart against the first temptations of unregulated ambition. It possesses the most effectual means of guarding against the indulgence of the malignant passions, and of directing the desires and the habits to the gratification of the benevolent feelings ;—of placing falsehood and knavery in their true light, and of making folly, presumption, and vanity contemptible and ridiculous.

I HAVE already had an opportunity of noticing some traits of indecency and profaneness, which have disgraced the English stage. I now direct the attention of my readers to a more important subject; and lament that the Drama, which is capable of being applied to the noblest and most useful purposes, and which is admirably calculated to give just and correct impressions of life and manners, and thereby to increase the prevalence of moral truth, should have been in so many instances applied to the establishment of defective principles, and to the bewildering of the unpractised and unsuspecting mind, by the palliation of vice, and by the disparagement of virtue.

To give prevalence to false motives of conduct, is extremely injurious to the interests of the community. Disorderly passions, though they may impel to vicious courses, yet they are corrigible:—but tainted and defective principles preclude the return to virtue. When vice is

adorned with the semblance of morality and benevolence, she becomes infinitely more dangerous—than when she retains her native and disgusting form of *vulgar Sensuality*. I shall therefore think it incumbent upon me to offer a few observations upon some Comedies, which have been lately imported into this country from Germany. In a former paper, I have alluded generally to their tendency and effects; but I propose at present to enter a little more into detail, on the subject.

IN the first place, I shall notice the Comedy of Lovers' Vows, a professed imitation of Kotzebue's "Child of Love;" in preparing which for the English stage, Mrs. Inchbald has done every thing that was practicable, to divest it of many of the exceptionable passages in the original. But, preserving the general character, it was not possible wholly to exempt it from an objection, which I will repeat in her own words; that "*Vice is never so dangerous, as when it assumes the garb of morality.*"

Nothing can be more amiable than pity for the misguided sufferer, who, by ungoverned passions, or by evil example, has been seduced from virtue, and involved in misery. This delightful sentiment has the highest possible example and authority, in that compassion and mercy, to which we address all our hopes: and if it is more lovely in any one *earthly* instance, it is when it emanates from the pure and refined sensibility of a delicate and virtuous female. But if such a female, misled by kindness and affection, approves and admires the crime, instead of lamenting and detesting it, she corrupts her own moral feeling, and that of others. When pity for a wretched criminal leads to the palliation and approval of his guilt, the bounds between virtue and vice are soon broken down, and the heart is prepared to participate in that criminality of disposition, which it already approves.

To apply this observation to the Play

before us.—We may compassionate the unhappy man, who beholding the distress of his mother, his wife, or his child, is impelled, like Frederick*, in a moment of desperation, to commit a robbery. But let us beware how we venture to approve it ; much more how we hold up the deed to

* In a circumstance of this kind Shakspeare has acted with his usual propriety and delicacy. I refer to the scene where ISABELLA is soliciting ANGELO, in favor of her brother, condemned to die for breach of chastity.

“ ISAB. There is a vice, *that I do most abhor,*

“ *And most desire to meet the blow of justice ;*

“ For which I would not plead, but that I must ;

“ For which I would not plead, but that I am

“ At war, ’twixt will and will not.”

She offers no approval, nor even palliation, of her brother's offence, but suggests to the judge the consequences of human frailty.

“ If he had been as you, and you as he,

“ You would have slipt like him ; but he, like you,

“ Would not have been so stern.”

She then reminds Angelo of our hopes of mercy from Heaven.

“ Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;

“ And He that might the vantage best have took,

“ Found out the remedy : How would you be,

“ If He which is the top of judgment, should

admiration,—as the *crime* of Frederick is offensively offered to public view, in this dramatic composition. If the precedent be once admitted, the consequences, not merely of misfortune, but of dissipation and idleness, will for ever supply a pretext, for infringing the laws of civilized society, and for invading the peace and security of individuals.

To give another example from this play.—We may weep over the unfortunate woman, who, like the mother of Frederick, betrayed by passion and vanity,

“ But judge you, as you are ? Oh think on that,
 “ And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 “ Like man new made.”

She concludes by an appeal to his conscience, in favor of her brother.

“ Go to your bosom ;
 “ Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth
 know
 “ That’s like my brother’s fault : if it confess
 “ A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 “ Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue,
 “ Against my brother’s life.”

But in all this there is not a word of palliation. Her disapprobation of what her brother has done, is expressed clearly and distinctly in every part.

and unmindful of her duty to her benefactress, falls a sacrifice to criminal solicitation; and seeking for pleasure, wealth, and rank, finds misery, poverty, and contempt. But, unless we would increase beyond all endurance, the number of such wretched victims, we must not adorn them with the fascinating ornaments of mind and body,—we must not render them amiable and interesting, and attempt to place them in the Temple of Honour. The shrine would be profaned. Give them your tears, your pity, your protection : strive by every act of kindness and mercy, to recal them to the paths of peace and virtue. But do not honour and exalt them : do not propose them for example and imitation. Direct your praise, your respect, your admiration, to a more pure and meritorious object.

THE reserve, the restraint, and the diffidence of the female sex, are the brightest, and most irresistible ornaments and attractions of a young and beautiful

woman. The wealth of the Indies cannot supply a substitute for them. Mrs. Inchbald, in her Preface, tells us that she has divested AMELIA'S love of "the indelicate bluntness and abruptness" which marks the original character of Kotzebue; and that she has changed "the forward" and unequivocal terms, in which she declares her passion, into something more corresponding with English manners. She has done much, and with talent. But still, I trust, the model is not so improved, nor its points so smoothed and polished, as ever to make it acceptable to female delicacy in England.

THOSE who wish to know how much Mrs. Inchbald has done, in removing and softening the native indelicacy of the German play, have only to peruse the *translation* of Kotzebue's original, "THE CHILD OF LOVE," from whence is taken our English comedy of Lovers' Vows. The *fair translator* (I should have thought that this coarse work would have been more adapted to rough and *male* hands)

but the fair translator informs the public, that “some interesting scenes, and exquisite touches, have been omitted on the “English stage;” and pathetically laments, that we have not been favored with translations of *more of these admirable productions*. Upon perusal, however, of the translation, I trust the reader will not join in the same regret. The principles are liable to equal objection in both instances; but the detail and the language are infinitely more offensive in the translation. The frequent and unprovoked profanation of the name of the Deity, by making it the expletive of every idle exclamation, is gross and abominable. The language of the Baron’s daughter, and her declaration of her passion, are coarse and indelicate; and the character of Frederick, the Hero of the piece, is in a high degree criminal and unjustifiable. In the first scene of the second act, he exclaims, “I will beg; and if they will “not give me, I will rob.” He accordingly begs, and receives alms of five persons; but not satisfied with the amount of what

is given him by the fifth, Baron Wildenheim, he exclaims, "By G—d this is not "sufficient," and attempts to rob him, not abstaining from the sin of murder. This is he, who presumptuously appeals to his CREATOR, whether *he deserves to suffer for an act, which he afterwards solemnly avers is no crime*; "being justified by "rights founded on the equality of all man—"kind." This the person, who is approved and honoured by the Baron's daughter, for having *so bravely and gallantly hazarded his life* for his mother. This the hero, whose reward is the *business* of the play.

KOTZEBUE's Frederick must be presumed to have studied and admired the play of the Robbers, by SCHILLER: a composition, fraught with such a complication of *unnatural* and *incredible wickedness*, that an English reader would shudder at the perusal of it. Unhappily, however, the human heart is capable of being *gradually* reconciled and habituated to that, which, at first, was the subject of unmixed horror; and the young

and inexperienced eye, may be dazzled by the tinsel and paint, with which vice and villainy are there tricked off. The well known fact, that the acting of this play at *Eribourg*, produced, among the young men there, a band of villains, associated in guilt by the most tremendous oaths, does not appear improbable to me, since I have *laboured* through Schiller's Play of the Robbers.

THE public Journals have since given a similar instance of a gang of two hundred persons, formed upon the model, and encouraged by the example, of this dramatic piece of SCHILLER. The chief's name was *Schinderhanner* ; who, at the age of twenty-three years, was made a public example of the pernicious effects of this abominable production.

I SHALL add a few remarks upon the *STRANGER*, another importation from Germany ; a play, which, I conceive, to be calculated to weaken the sanction of the marriage vow, by presenting the cha-

racter of an *adulteress*, in the brightest and most amiable colours, and in the best and most favourable light, so as to make her the object of praise and admiration. The Countess (who appears under the assumed name of Mrs. Haller) having suspicions of her husband's infidelity, becomes faithless to him ; and, forgetful of her two infant children, elopes with her seducer. The *convenient principle* is thus laid down, that adultery, on one side, will *justify* the same crime on the other, and that the infidelity of an husband, will authorize *retaliation in kind*, on the part of the wife. The Countess's language, even in her moments of penitence, seems to admit this principle as incontrovertible. The justification, however, did not apply to this case. The husband was causelessly suspected by the wife of his bosom ; by her on whom, with truth and sincerity, his unaltered affection and fondness had been lavished. Wounded to the quick by the desertion of his beloved wife, he resigns himself to his fate, in solitary and ceaseless affliction. His hopeless sorrow is then

characterised by the author, as *odious misanthrophy*, and is depicted in colours which disgust, and do not interest the spectator. The virtuous and modest wife of the Baron, is represented as tame and monotonous ; while her *unseduced* and unoffending attendant, is marked with traits of flippancy and impertinence. Every other part in the play is kept down ; all as shades to give light and force to the portrait of the *adultrous* ; whose character is composed of all those amiable virtues, which are enumerated in the words of the learned prelate, quoted in a former paper : “ With goodness of heart, high principles of honour, compassion, humanity, and generosity ;” virtues, which are rewarded by the cure of the misanthropist, and by her restoration to wealth, rank, and character.

THE tone of the English Stage is such, as renders it wholly incompatible with the decorum observed by the higher order of our clergy, to be present at any theatrical exhibition. It is not merely as a *public*

place, that it is objectionable, for this would exclude them from oratorios and public concerts. If, then, it is on account of the indecency or immorality of the compositions, on what principle do their wives and daughters attend? How is it, that all the other ranks of the clergy are to be seen at the theatre? And, if they were absent, why are spectacles of an indecorous nature, or of an immoral tendency, to be offered to the laity, and to their wives and families? And why are those public sources of instruction, on which the manners and morals of a country so much depend,—why are they to be neglected?

THE Roman theatre was connected with their system of religious worship, and with the superstitions of Polytheism. Livy informs us, that “stage plays were originally introduced at Rome, as an act of religion, and with a view to remove a mortality which then prevailed.” Tertullian relates, that “when Pompey erected his theatre, he built a temple to Venus as part of it, and consecrated the

“whole by a public and solemn dedication,
“ declaring the entire edifice to be sacred
“ to that goddess.” And, in his Apology, he
tells us, that “ christians could not attend
“ the public spectacles, on account of the
“ superstition and idolatry which pre-
“ vailed in them.”

THIS, of course, precluded the primitive christians, and particularly those of the ecclesiastical order, from attending the theatres. And that prohibition, which originated in the connection of dramatic representations with pagan ceremonies, continued to prevail after paganism had ceased to exist. The popish clergy, though they themselves visited the theatre by stealth, proceeded to denounce eternal punishment against the actors who exhibited on them : and in England, (with exception of the Mysteries, and some other dramatic exhibitions of a religious nature) there seems to be a cloud of immorality and irreligion suspended over the theatre : and that which might be made the active and useful friend of

truth and virtue, is considered to be the natural and hereditary ally of vice and immorality.

Why, may we ask, are any public exhibitions to be licensed in this country, which are unfit for any individuals, of ever so respectable character, to attend? And why is the Drama, whose true and legitimate character is to oppose vice, correct folly, and promote virtue, to be so debased and degraded in a country, where (though luxury and dissipation may have intoxicated and enervated some weak and thoughtless individuals) the religious and moral feeling is as quick and warm, and the desire to raise and follow the standard of truth and virtue is as ardent and universal, as it ever was in any age or country.

If the theatre, as our immortal Dramatist has expressed himself, be intended to “hold the mirror up to nature;—to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body

“of the time, his form and pressure,”—why is its pure surface to be sullied, by vicious and indecorous exhibitions? Why is it not to be reformed altogether? We want no law to correct the evil. The act* for the regulation of our theatres, is still

* One of the most ridiculous circumstances attending the legislation of the period when the Licensing Act passed, was the effect that a harmless dramatic satire of Fielding's, called PASQUIN, had in contributing to pass this act for the regulation of the theatre. Persons, who had witnessed with composure the indecent and profane ribaldry, which had kept possession of the stage from the time of Charles the Second, were struck with a degree of pious horror, at some ridicule which was attempted to be thrown on bribery at elections, on operatical and harlequinical buffoonery, and on some defective parts of the three learned professions. Very few boroughs have exceeded the electioneering manœuvres which occupy the commencement of this farce. For the attack upon *law* and *physick* in the latter part, Fastian, the author, gives his friend Sneer a pleasant reason, in which Mr. Fielding might have united *propria persona* with great truth and sincerity,—“that they once joined in a *“particular conspiracy against him.”*—“How so?” says Sneer. “Because,” replies he, “an APOTHECARY brought me a long bill, and a LAWYER made me pay “it.”

to be found upon the Statute Book. Its power is placed in the best and most unexceptionable hands ; and the temperate and judicious application of that power, is desired by a great majority of the individuals of all classes in this country. Let us then hope, that the Law will no longer remain *a dead letter* ; but that the tragic and comic Muses, will soon appear in their genuine and natural characters ;—the enemies of vice, the correctors of folly, and the allies of virtue.

To the Editor of the Director.

Sir,

IN your last number, you obliged me by the insertion of two specimens of QUARLES's style, taken from the *first* part of his 'Meditations;' I shall now claim the further indulgence of your inserting two specimens taken from the *second* part, in which, as I before observ-

244 *On Neglected English Literature.*

ed, the previous reflections are of a gloomy and desponding nature—but the *Soliloquy* reproves, and the *Prayer* administers consolation.

THE WIDOW'S DISTRESS.

“So vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that, what with the expectation that goes before it, and the cares that go with it, and the griefs that follow it—we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it: the greatest of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity, and but, at best, like Jonah’s gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present; and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory possessor, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday, in the blessedness of a

full fruition, to-day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it was mine ! the more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My sun is set, my glory is darkened, and not one star appears in the firmament of my little world : he, from whose loins I came, is taken from me : he, to whose bosom I returned, is taken from me : my blessings in the one, my comforts in the other, are taken from me : and what is left to me, but a poor third part of myself, to bewail the loss of the other two. I, that was owned by the tender name of a child, am now known by the off-cast title of an orphan ; I, that was respected by the honourable title of a wife, am now rejected by the despicable name of a widow : I, that flourished like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden underfoot : he, that like a strong wall supported my tender branches, is fallen, and left my clusters to the spoil of ravenous swine : the spring-tides of my plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of

246 *On Neglected English Literature.*

all wants : the sonnets of my mirth are turned to elegies of mourning : my glory is put out, and my honour grovels on the dust : I call to my friends, and they neglect me : I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me : my beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

“ BUT stay, my soul, plunge not too far ; shall not He take, that gave ? Cannot He that took, restore ? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

I will be an husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Psal. lxxviii. 5.

Exod. xxii. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. iii. v.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.

James i. 27.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

Her Soliloquy.

How hath the sunshine of truth discovered what appeared not by the candlelight of nature ! How many atoms in thy soul hath this light descried, which, in thy natural twilight, were not visible ! Excessive sadness for so great a loss, can want no arguments from flesh and blood ; which arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partial balance of nature. A husband is thyself, divided : thy children thyself, multiplied ; for whom, (when snatched away) God allows some grains to thy affection : but when they exceed the allowance, they will not pass in Heaven's account, but must be coined again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God, without a tear ? and cannot he, my

soul, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spiritual grace not trouble thee, and shall a temporal loss so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted? True symptoms of more flesh than spirit; thy husband was the gift, thy God, the giver; and wilt thou more despise the Giver than the gift? Be wise, my soul, if thou hast lost a man, thou hast found a God; having, therefore, wet thy wings in nature's shower, go and dry them in the God of nature's sunshine.

Her Prayer.

"O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the comforts of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them: I, a late sharer in this worldly happiness, but a sad witness of its vanity, do here address myself to thee,

the only crown of all my joys, in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of change. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me, what thy goodness hath promised to supply: thou hast given, and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever! Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform, than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow, than my misery is to beg—strengthen my faith, that I may believe thy promise: encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou all in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the sun of thy glory. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father! Sanctify my actions with the spirit of meekness, that my conversation may testify, that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope.

250 *On Neglected English Literature.*

Be thou my bridegroom, and let our marriage chamber be my heart. Own me as thy bride, and purify me with the odours of thy Spirit ; prevent me with thy blessings ; protect me by thy grace ; preserve me for thyself ; prepare me for thy kingdom ! Be thou a father, to bless me ; be thou a husband, to comfort me. In the midst of want, be thou my plenty : in the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise : be thou a wall to support my vine, and let my branches twine about thee : let them flourish in the sunshine of thy grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy name."

THE HUMBLE MAN'S DEPRESSION.

"How more than happy are those sons of men, that measure no further ground than from the sacred font unto their peaceful grave ! How blessed are those

infants, which never lived to taste those dear-bought penny-worths of deceitful earth ! Alas, there is nothing here but bitter pills of pleasure-guilded grief : here is nothing but substantial sorrows, clothed in the shades of false delight : look where I list, there is nothing can appear before mine eye but sorrow, the lamentable object of my misery. Contemplate where I list, here is nothing can present before my thoughts but misery, the object of my mourning. My soul is a sparkle of divine fire, but quenched with lust ; an image of my glorious Creator, but blurred with sin ; a parcel of mortal immortality reserved for death. My understanding is darkened with error ; my judgment is perverted with partiality ; my will is diverted with sensuality ; my memory, like a sieve, retains the bran, and lets the flower pass : my affections are aguish to good, and feverish to evil : my faith wavers ; my hope tires ; my charity freezes ; my thoughts are vain ; my words are idle ; my actions sinful : my body is a

tabernacle of grief, an hospital of diseases, a tenement of death, a sepulchre of a sinful soul. O my soul, how canst thou own thyself without dejection, that canst not view thyself without corruption? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of earth, quickened with a span of life. Thy life is short and evil, truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short: when thou endeavourest good, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with evil, thy strength fails. For this, my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depressed: for this, I loath myself, and view my misery with indignation.

“BUT cheer up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be overprest. The ball that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the harbinger of grace. Art thou humbled? fear not. Dost thou fear? despair not. Dost thou despair? persist not. Hark what the God of Truth hath said:

He that is humble shall be exalted. Luke:
xiv. 11.

Prov. xxix. 23.

A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1. Pet. v. 6.

Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. xv. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job xxii. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

His Soliloquy.

“ALL virtues, as well theological as moral, are besieged with two vices; humility, the fundamental of all virtues, is not exempted. Some, puffed up with their own lowliness, grow proud, because humble, being high-minded by an anti-peristasis; this is *spiritual pride*. Others, taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind—and this is called

254 *On Neglected English Literature.*

dejection; the first froths up into presumption, the second settles down into a despair. How canst thou, O my soul, in this tempest, escape this Scylla, or avoid that Charybdis? Dost thou fear the tossing waves? Contract thy sails. Fearest thou the quicksands? Use thy compass. He that stills the waves will assist thee; He that commands the sea will advise thee: look not only on thy loadstone, for then thou wilt not see thy danger: nor only on thy misery, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy deliverance. If thy humility puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayest be sensible of thy own misery; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayest be capable of God's mercy.

His Prayer.

“ETERNAL God, who scatterest the proud in the imagination of their hearts, and givest grace to the humble and con-

trite spirit, bow down thy gracious ear to me, vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts itself before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made myself far less than nothing: revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quenched: cleanse thine image in me, which my sin hath blurred: enlighten my understanding with thy truth: rectify my judgment with thy word: direct my will with thy Spirit: strengthen my memory to retain good things: order my affections, that I may love thee above all

256 *On Neglected English Literature.*

things. Increase my faith; encourage my hope; quicken my charity; sweeten my thoughts with thy grace; season my words with thy Spirit; sanctify my actions with thy wisdom; subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh: restrain the fury of my unbridled passions: reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: incline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire: give me a true knowledge of mine own self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions, keep me from despair; in all my deliverances, preserve me from ingratitude; that, being timely quickened with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here exalted by the virtue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the kingdom of thy glory."

Printed by William Savage, Bedford Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 21. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1807.

*Veniunt ad summum fortunæ; pinguis atque
Psallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*

HOR. EPIST. lib. ii.

It is not perhaps generally known to our readers, that the great tragic writer Euripides, of whom it may be said,

‘ Ex ore profusus

Omnis posteritas latices in carmine duxit,

is entitled to a place in our Catalogue of Antient Painters.

WE have the authority of Moschopulus, and indeed of Suidas, for asserting that before he wrote Tragedies, Euripides was by profession a PAINTER.

VOL. II.

L I

ETHYCRATES

Was the son of Lysippus, but, though of great celebrity, did not equal the grace of his father and master's manner. He was remarkable for the boldness of his outline, and obtained great reputation for the following works in marble :

A Hercules and Alexander, which were preserved at Delphi.

An Equestrian Battle, in the temple of the Trophonian Oracle.

A Figure of Anytas the Courtezan.

Panteuchis, in a state of pregnancy.

GLAUCUS

Was of such high reputation, that Samos and Chios contended for the honour of his birth. He is mentioned in terms of great respect by many of the antient writers. A basen of iron, of surprising workmanship, presented by Croesus to the Apollo of Delphi, the work of this Glaucus, is specified by Herodotus. He is praised by Pausanias as the inventor of his art, namely, that of in-

laying iron. His name was proverbial, and the "Art of Glaucus," occurs in the proverbs, selected by Zenobius, illustrative of any thing performed with extraordinary skill and perfection.

IPHICRATES.

According to Pliny, the name of this statuary is worthy of preservation, on account of a beautiful representation of the celebrated courtesan Læna. This woman was intimately connected with Harmodius and Aristogiton, and acquainted with their secret determination to overturn the Government. She was suspected, apprehended, and put to the torture, to compel her to betray her friends. She died in the process, but never revealed the secret with which she had been entrusted. The story is told at length by Pliny,

LEOCHARES

Was principally employed in constructing the Mausoleum, built by Artimesia, in honour of her husband, and esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world.

BUT he was also a famous statuary. A Jupiter, which stood in the portico of the Pirœum at Athens, by this Leochares, is praised by Pausanias.

His other works were an Apollo, a Jupiter Potiens, and three beautiful statues made of ivory and gold, representing Amyntas, the father of Philip, Philip himself, and Alexander the Great, of the same materials also. On the same authority, namely Pausanias, he made two statues of Olympias and Eurydice.

LYSTIPPUS

Is a very honourable name in the history of art. He was cotemporary with Alexander the Great, and was esteemed worthy of being ranked with Praxiteles. He is mentioned so often, and in terms of such exalted praise, by the most distinguished antient writers, both in prose and verse, that a very long essay might easily be composed on his talents and performances. It has before been observed of Apelles, that to him alone

Alexander the Great gave permission to paint his picture ; to Lysippus was reserved the distinguished honour of being his statuary. He produced no less than seventy works of art, each of such acknowledged excellence and perfection, that *any one* would, according to Pliny, have established his reputation.

ONE of his greatest works was a statue of Alexander, which that hero in after times admired so exceedingly, that he ordered it to be cased with gold. Many of this great man's works were carried by Metellus to Rome, after the conquest of Macedonia. Among these were Hephæstion the friend of Alexander, Alexander engaged with a Hunting Party, A Group of Satyrs, &c. &c.

A FEW more of his performances deserve to be specified.

Æsop. This statue occasioned the epigram in the Anthology, L. iv. 93.

JUPITER and the Muses, in brass,

A BACCHUS, much praised in Pausanias,

· SOCRATES in brass. This was done at the request of the Athenians, on their repentance of having put him to death.

A STATUE of Neptune, in brass. This was at Corinth.

POLYDAMAS. This was said to have been the largest man of his time.

THE Samian Juno,

A GROUP of Equestrians. These were brought by Metellus from Macedonia to Rome.

HE always represented Alexander as having a spear in his hand. Appelles painted him with a thunderbolt. For various anecdotes and various particulars concerning this great artist, the reader may consult Pausanias, Plutarch, Lucian, Pliny, Velleius Paterculus, &c. &c.

It seems that Alexander the Great had the habit of looking upwards towards the heavens. It was in this attitude that Lysippus most successfully represented him, which gave occasion to the following epigram, thus imperfectly attempted in English :

The brazen form seems thus to say to Jove,
Father, I rule below, and Thou above.

MELANTHIUS

Was a very celebrated painter, who flourished about the time of Alexander. He was one of the early artists, who confined themselves to the use of four colours only. He was a pupil of Pamphilus, to whom he gave the enormous sum of a talent for his instruction. Some antient writer has thus characterized a few of the principal artists of antient times. The great distinction of Protogenes, was labour ; of Melanthius, correctness ; of Antipholis, ease ; in quickness of conception, Theon of Samos ; whilst Apelles excelled them all in genius and grace. Aratus, Prince of Sicyon, collected this

artist's pictures wherever he could procure them.

MYRON

Was a statuary not to be passed over. Most of the Latin poets of the Augustan age speak of him with praise. Cicero calls his performances, beautiful; and Pliny ranks him with Polycletus, Gorgias, Agelades, and other great masters.

A DISCOBALOS by this artist is praised by Pliny and Quintilian; and there were to be seen at Rhodes three colossal figures by Myron, two of which, namely, the Minerva and Hercules, were removed by Antony to Rome. The third, which was of Jupiter, afterwards adorned the Capitol.

A HERCULES of brass, which was stolen from its owner by Verres, formed one of the articles of accusation against that plunderer, in the famous oration of Cicero against Verres.

THE favourite horse of Alexander, named Lada, was so exquisitely finished in brass, by Myron, that it occasioned one of the most beautiful epigrams in the Greek Anthology.

No man ever enjoyed, and more deservedly, a higher reputation. The pages of Pausanias, in particular, are crowded with descriptions of his performances ; yet he died in lamentable poverty : and as Petronius emphatically expresses it, he who breathed into his brazen statues almost the human soul, ‘non invenit hæredem,’ — died not worth a groat.

NICIAS

Was an Athenian Painter of no common merit. His great performance was Nemea sitting upon a Lion, which, being carried to Rome by Sylla, was afterwards placed in the Senate House.

He also painted a Bacchus, which was much admired, and in succeeding

times adorned the Temple of Concord at Rome.

A HYACINTHUS, found by Augustus at Alexandria, was by him removed to Rome, and was afterwards placed by Tiberius in the temple consecrated to Augustus. Of this picture Augustus was particularly fond. See Pliny.

MANY curious anecdotes are related of this artist, which indicate the most intense application to his art, and disregard of money. He would often inquire of his domestics, 'whether he had bathed, or whether he had dined?'

THE Great Ptolemy once sent him sixty talents for a picture; but he refused the money, and kept his picture.

NICOMACHUS.

'We have no such painters in these times,' exclaims Pliny, 'as those great masters who used but four colours. Apelles, Echion, Melanthius, and Ni-

comachus.' The Roman friend of art is very lavish in commendation of Nicomachus ; and tells us that a picture of the Tyndaridæ, which he left unfinished, was sought after with particular avidity

HIS other works specified by Pliny are :

THE RAPE of Proserpine.

THE SATYRS endeavouring to carry off Bacchantes.

A SCYLLA, afterwards in the Temple of Peace, at Rome.

APOLLO. Diana. Cybele, sitting on a Lion.

VICTORIA, in a chariot, drawn by four horses. This was in the Capitol. He was the first painter who drew Ulysses with a cap on his head. It is the fate of genius in all ages to be characterized with something of waywardness and eccentricity, which obstructs or pre-

vents advancement to opulence. Nichomachus also died poor: but he was a truly great and accomplished character.

He one day beheld a stupid person contemplating the celebrated Helen of Zeuxis. 'I see no beauty in this,' said the man. 'Take my eyes,' said Nichomachus, 'and you will perceive a Goddess.'

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA*.

THE year following the sale of Mr. West's books, a very curious and valuable collection, chiefly of English literature,

* *Sale of the late BISHOP HORSLEY'S BOOKS.*
by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby.

This sale, which has very recently taken place, afforded an opportunity to the lovers of Greek and Latin literature to indulge themselves with the acquisition of many rare and curious articles. Among them, the following may be deserving of particular enumeration,

was disposed of by auction, by Paterson, who published the Catalogue under the following title : ' BIBLIOTHECA MONASTICA-FLETEWODIANA.'

	£.	s.	d.
Aristophanis Comediæ, Junt. 1525.	4	0	0
Id. Kusteri, fol. 1710. Fine copy	8	8	0
Waltoni Polyglotta. Fine copy	21	10	0
Variorum Cicero, complete set, in 29 vols. uniformly bound	12	0	0
Bryant's Mythology, 3 vol. 4to.	12	12	0
Geographiæ Veteres Scriptores Gr. Minores Hudsoni. LARGE PAPER, 4 vol. 8vo.	39	7	6
Constantini Lexicon. Gr. Lat. fol. 1592	7	7	0
Critici Sacri, 9 tom, folio. 1698	6	6	0
Homeri Ilias et Odyssea, EDIT. PRIN. Florent. fol. 1488.	34	10	0
Homerus, cum Comment. Eus- tathii, 4 tom. fol. Romæ, 1549, &c.	60	0	0
Homeri Opera omnia Ernesti, <i>best paper</i> , 5 vol. 8vo. fine copy, 1759	11	11	0
Grævii et Gronovii Thesaurus Antiquit. Roman. et Græcar, 30 vol. fol. uniform	35	0	0
Putschii Grammat. Lat. Auct. Antiq. Hanov. 1605.	4	15	0

‘A CATALOGUE of rare books and tracts in various languages and faculties;

SALE of the late Mr. BRAND'S BOOKS.

THIS curious and extensive collection is now being disposed of by public auction in Piccadilly, by Mr. Stewart: the sale, which has hitherto lasted nearly a month, is expected to continue a fortnight longer. Perhaps the prices for some of the articles already sold may not be unacceptable to my bibliographical readers.

	£.	s.	d.
No. 67. <i>An Compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs</i> , bl. lett. 8vo. Edinb. 1621	4	4	0
No. 69. <i>Academy of Pleasure</i> , with portraits of Drayton, G. Withers, F. Quarles, and B. Johnson, 8vo. Lond. 1656	2	17	6
No. 85. <i>A Goodly Dysputacion betweene a Christien Shomaker, and a Poppishe Parson, with two Parsons more. Black letter.</i> Lond. 8vo. 1548	1	0	0
No. 109. <i>A Curtaine Lecture, rare and curious, frontispiece</i> , 8vo. Lond. 1637	0	15	0
No. 110. <i>A Banquet of Jest, or Change of Cheare</i> , with Portrait of Archee, the King's Jester. Rare. 8vo. Lond. 1639	4	10	0

Including the *Antient Conventual Library*
of Missenden-Abbey, in Buckingham-

£. s. d.

- No. 163. *A Commyssion sent to the Bloudy Butcher, (Bonner) Byshop of London, and to al Conuents of Frers, by the High and Mighty Prince Lord Sathan, the Deuill of Hell, black letter, 8vo.* 0 17 0
- No. 176. *A Wife, now the Widow of Sir Thos. Ouerburie, being a most exquisite and singular Poeme of the Choyce of a Wife, very rare. Lond. 4to. 1614.* 1 6 0
- No. 227. **ARNOLD'S CHRONICLE OF THE CUSTOMS OF LONDON, a fine copy, perfect, printed by Pynson, fol. 1521.** 18 18 0
- No. 241. *An Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionarie, by Baret. Francof. fol. 1580* 3 5 0
- No. 242. *Dyalogue of Dives and Pauper, that is to say, the Rich and the Pore, fructuously tretying upon the Ten Commandments, black letter, printed by Pynson, fol. 1493* 4 3 0
- No. 246. *A most excellent and perfecte homish Apothecary, or homely Physicke Booke, black letter, impr. at Colen. 1561* 0 14 0

The preceding were in the *First Day's Sale.*

shire; together with some choice remains of that of the late eminent Serjeant at Law, WILLIAM FLETEWODE, Esq. Recorder of London, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth: among which are several specimens of the earliest Typography, foreign and English, including CAXTON, WYNKYN DE WORDE, PYNSON, and others; a fine collection of English poetry, some scarce old law books, a great number of old English plays, several choice MSS. upon vellum, and other subjects of literary curiosity. Also several of the best editions of the classics, and modern English and French books. To begin *December 5, 1774*, and the 17 following evenings, precisely at half an hour after five.'

I am in possession of a *priced Catalogue* of this collection, which once belonged to Herbert, and which contains all the purchasers' names, as well as the sums given. The purchasers were principally Herbert, Garrick, Dodd, Elmsley, T. Payne, Richardson,

Chapman, Wagstaff, Bindley, and Gough.
The following is a specimen of some curious and interesting articles contained in this celebrated library.

	£.	s.	d.
No. 272. <i>Bale's brefe Chronycle relating to Syr Johan Oldecastell, 1544. The Life off the 70th Archbishopp off Canterbury presentlye sittinge, 1574, &c. Life of Hen. Hills, Printer to O. Cromwell, with the Relation of what passed between him and the Taylor's Wife in Black Friars, 1688, &c.</i>			0 7 9
Purchased by Mores.			
Nos. 361 to 367. Upwards of thirty scarce <i>Theological Tracts</i> , in Latin and English			1 5 0
Nos. 746 to 784. A fine collection of early English Translations, in black letter, with some good foreign editions of the classics. Not exceeding, in the whole			10 10 0
Nos. 837, 838. Two copies of the <i>first edition</i> of Bacon's <i>Essays</i> , 1597. MIRABILE DICTU! Not <i>six guineas</i> could now procure this at a London book-sale! The reader will just glance at No, 970, in the catalogue, en passant, to			0 0 6

	£.	s.	d.
Nos. 1082 (£.1. 2s.) and 1091 (12s.) but more particularly to			
No. 1173. CAXTON's <i>Boke of Tulle of Olde Age</i> , &c. 1481. Pur- chased by the late Mr. T. Payne	8	8	0
No. 1174. CAXTON's <i>Boke which is sayd or called Cathon</i> , &c. 1483. Purchased by Alcorn	5	0	0
No. 1256. CAXTON's <i>Doctrinal of Sa- pyence</i> , 1489 Purchased by Alcorn.	6	6	0
No. 1257. CAXTON's <i>Cordyal</i> , 1479	6	12	6
No. 1258. WYNKYN DE WORDE's <i>Orch- arde of Syon</i> , &c. 1519 Purchased by Herbert.	1	13	0

BUT there is no end to these *glistening gems*. I will, however, only add that there were upwards of 150 articles of *Old Plays*, mostly in quarto. See page 73. Of *Antiquities*, *Chronicles*, and *Topography*, it would be difficult to pitch upon the rarest volumes. The collection, including very few MSS. contained 3641 articles, or probably nearly 7000 volumes. The Catalogue is uncommon.

I am now arrived, pursuing my chronological arrangement, at a very important period in the annals of book-sales. The name and collection of Dr. ASKEW are so well known in the bibliographical world, that the reader need not be detained with laboured commendations on either: in the present place, however, it would be a cruel disappointment not to say a word or two by way of *preface* or *prologue*.

Dr. ANTHONY ASKEW had eminently distinguished himself by a refined taste, a sound knowledge, and an indefatigable research relating to every thing connected with Grecian and Roman literature. It was to be expected, even during his life, as he was possessed of sufficient means to gratify himself with what was rare, curious, and beautiful in literature and the fine arts, that the public would, one day, be benefited by such pursuits: especially as he had expressed a wish that his treasures might be unreservedly submitted to sale, after his decease. In this wish the Doctor was not

singular. Many eminent collectors had indulged it before him: and, to my knowledge, many modern ones still indulge it. Accordingly, on the death of Dr. Askew, in 1774, appeared, in the ensuing year, a catalogue of his books for sale, by Messrs. Baker and Leigh, under the following title:

‘BIBLIOTHECA ASKEVIANA, sive Catalogus Librorum Rarissimorum ANTONII ASKEW, M. D. quorum Auctio fiet apud S. Baker et G. Leigh, in Vico dicto *York Street, Covent Garden*, Londini, *Die Lunæ, 13. Februarii, MDCCLXXV*, et in undeviginti sequentes dies.’ A few copies were struck off on royal 8vo. paper, which are now rather uncommon.

WE are told by the compiler of the catalogue, that was it thought unnecessary to say much with respect to this Library of the late Dr. Anthony Askew, as the Collector and the Collection were so well known in almost all parts of Europe.’ Afterwards it is observed that ‘The

books in general are in very fine condition, many of them bound in morocco, and russia leather, with gilt leaves'. To give a particular account, continues the Compiler, of the *many scarce editions* of books in this Catalogue would be almost endless, therefore the *first editions* of the classics, and some *extremely rare books* are chiefly noticed.'

'The Catalogue, without any doubt, contains the best, rarest, and most valuable collection of GREEK and LATIN Books that were ever sold in England, and the great time and trouble of forming it, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse for the price * put to it.'

THIS account is not overcharged. The collection, in regard to Greek and Roman literature, was *unique* in its day. Enriched with many a gem from the Harleian, Dr. Mead's, Martin Folkes's, and Dr. Rawlinson's, library, as well as with numerous rare and splendid arti-

1s. 6d. the small paper, and 4s. the large.

cles from foreign collections, (for no man travelled with greater ardour, or had an acuter discrimination than Dr. Askew), the books were sought after by almost every one then eminent for bibliographical research. HIS MAJESTY was a purchaser, says Mr. J. Nichols, to the amount of about £.300: Dr. Hunter, to the amount of £.500: and de Bure (who had commissions from the King of France and many foreign collectors, to the amount of £.1500) made purchases of the value of the like sum. Dr. Maty was solicited by the Trustees of the British Museum not to be unmindful of *that repository*, and accordingly he became a purchaser to a considerable amount.

THE late worthy and learned Mr. M. CRACHERODE, whose library now forms one of the most splendid acquisitions of the British Museum, and whose *bequest* of it will immortalize his memory, was also among the 'Emptores literarii' at this renowned sale. He had

enriched his collection with many an *Exemplar Askevianum*; and, in his latter days, used to elevate his hands and eyes, and exclaim against the prices *now* offered for EDITIONES PRINCIPES!

THE fact is, Dr. Askew's sale has been considered a sort of *era* in bibliography. Since that period, rare and curious books in Greek and Latin literature have been greedily sought after, and obtained at most extravagant prices. It is very well for a veteran in literature, as was Mr. Cracherode, or as is Mr. Wodhull, whose collections were formed in the days of De Bure, Gaignat, Askew, Duke de la Valliere, and Lamoignon—it is very well for such gentlemen to declaim against *modern prices*! But what is to be done? Books grow scarcer every day, and the love of literature, and of possessing rare and interesting works, increases in an equal ratio. Hungry bibliographers meet, at sales, with well-furnished purses, and are resolved upon sumptuous fare. Thus the

hammer *vibrates*, after a bidding of *Forty pounds*, where formerly it used regularly to *fall at Four* !

BUT we lose sight of Dr. Askew's *rare editions*, and *large paper copies*. The following, gentle Reader, is but an imperfect specimen !

	£.	s.	d.
No. 168. Chaucer's Works, by PYNSON, no date	7	17	6
No. 172. Cicero of Old Age, by Caxton, 1481	13	13	0
No. 518. Gilles (Nicole) Annales, &c. de France. Paris, fol. 1520. 2 tom. SUR VELIN	31	10	6
No. 647, Æginetæ (Pauli) Præcepta Sa- lubria. Paris, quarto, 1510. ON VELLUM	11	0	0
No. 666. Æsopi Fabulæ. EDIT. PRIN. circ. 1480	6	6	0
No. 684. Boccacio, la Teseide, <i>Ferar.</i> 1475. PRIMA EDIZIONE*	85	0	0

* This copy, which is called '*probably unique*,' was once, I suspect, in Consul Smith's library. See *Bibl. Smith*, p. lxiii. The reader will find some account of it in *Warton's History of Engl. Poetry*, vol. i. 347. It was printed, as well as the subsequent editions of 1488, and 1528, 'with some deviations from the original, and even misrepresentations of the story'.

	£.	s.	d.
No. 708. Cornelius Nepos, 1471. EDIT. PRIN.	11	11	0
No. 713. Alexander et Ales, super tertium Sententiar. 1474, ON VELLUM	15	15	0
No. 817. Anthologia Græca. Edit. Prin. 1494, ON VELLUM.	28	7	0
No. 856. Ammianus Marcellinus, 1474. EDIT. PRIN.	23	0	0
No. 1332. Ciceronis Opera omnia, Oliveti, 9 vol. quarto, 1740. CHARTA MAXIMA*	36	15	0
No. 1389. Id. Officia, 1465. EDIT. PRIN.	30	0	0
No. 1433. Catullus, Tibullus, et Propertius, Aldi. 8vo. 1502. IN MEMBRANA†	17	10	0
No. 1576. Durandi Rationale, &c. 1459. IN MEMBRANA‡	61	0	0

* This article was purchased at Dr. Mead's sale for £.14 14s.; and the following one, for £.13 13s. only. Of the first, a magnificent copy is in the Marquis of Bute's library, at Luton.

† This copy was purchased by the late Mr. M. C. Cracherode, and is now, with his library, in the British Museum. It is a beautiful book, but cannot be compared with Lord Spencer's Aldine VELLUM Virgil, of the same size.

‡ The beginning of the 1st chapter was wanting. Lord Spencer has a perfect copy of this rare book on spotless VELLUM!

	£.	s.	d.
No. 2656 Platonis Opera, apud Aldum, 2 vol. fol. 1513. <i>Edit. Prin.</i> ON VELLUM*	55	13	0
No. 2812. Plinii Hist. Natural. apud Spiram, fol. 1469. <i>Edit.</i> PRIN.†	43	0	0
No. 2813. Id. cum notis Harduini, 1723, 3 vol. ON VELLUM	42	0	0

* Purchased by Dr. Hunter; and is, at this moment, being packed up with the Doctor's books and curiosities for *Glasgow*. The reader can have no idea of the beauty of these vellum leaves. The ink is of the finest lustre, and the whole typographical arrangement may be considered a masterpiece of printing. If I could forget the copy of the 'Etymologicum magnum,' in the Luton Library, I should call *this* the chef-d'œuvre of the ALDINE PRESS.

When I consider to what bourne it is now travelling, 'from thence never to return,' the expressive language of the great Burke immediately rushes upon my mind, at the close of his character of Sir Joshua Reynolds,

'HAIL AND FAREWELL!'

† This copy has been recently sold, for a sum considerably less than it brought. It bears no kind of comparison with the copies in Dr. Hunter's, and the Cracherode, collection. These latter are *giants* to it!

£. s. d.

No. 3345. Tewdranckhs, Poema Germanica, Norimb. fol. 1517.

ON VELLUM*

21 0 0

No. 3376. Terentianus Maurus de Literis, Syllabis, et Metris Horatii. Mediol. fol. 1497

12 12 0

'This is judged to be the only copy of this edition in England, if not in the whole world. Dr. Askew could find no copy in his travels over Europe, though he made earnest and particular search in every library which he had an opportunity of consulting.'
Note in the catalogue. It was purchased by Dr. Hunter, and is now in his Museum. Originally it belonged to Dr. Taylor, the editor of Lysias and Demosthenes, who originally procured it from the Harleian Library, for four guineas only. We are told that, during his life, one hundred guineas would not have obtained it!

* This is a book of uncommon rarity. It is a poetical composition on the life and actions of the Emperor Maximilian I. and was frequently reprinted;

RARE and magnificent as the preceding articles may be considered, I can confidently assure the reader, that they form a very small part of the extraordinary books in Dr. Askew's library. Many a *ten* and *twenty pounder* has been omitted—many a *Prince* of an edition, passed by unregarded! The articles were 3570 in number; probably comprehending about 7000 volumes. They were sold for £.4000.

It remains only to add, that Dr. ASKEW was a native of Kendal, in West-

but not with the same care as were the earlier editions of 1517 and 1519—the latter at Augsburg, by John Schouspergus. Koellerus, who purchased a copy of this work on vellum, for 200 crowns, has given a particular description of it. See Schelhorn's *Amœnitates literariæ.* tom. ii. 430: iii. 144.

Dr. HUNTER purchased Dr. Askew's copy, which I have seen in the Museum of the former: the woodcuts, 118 in number, justify every thing said in commendation of them by Papillon and Heinekin. Probably Dr. Askew purchased the above copy of Osborne, for I find one in the Bibl. Harleian. vol. iii. No. 3240. See too Bibl. Mead. p. 299, No. 43, where a VELLUM copy of an edition of 1527 was sold for £.9 9s.

moreland ; that he practised as a physician there with considerable success, and, on his establishment in London, was visited by all who were distinguished for learning, and curious in the fine arts. Dr. MEAD supported him with a sort of paternal zeal ; nor did he find in his *protegé* an ungrateful son*. Few minds were probably more congenial than were those of Mead and Askew : the former had, if I may so speak, a magnificence of sentiment which instilled into the latter just notions of a character aiming at *intellectual* fame. Dr. Askew, with less pecuniary means of gratifying it, evinced an equal ardour in the pursuit of books, MSS. and inscriptions. I have heard from a very worthy old gentleman, who used to revel 'midst the luxury of Dr. Askew's table, that few men exhibited their books and pictures, or, as it is called, *shewed the Lions*, better than did the Doctor. Of his attainments in Greek and Roman literature it becomes not me to speak,

* See The Director, vol. i. p. 309.

when such a scholar as Dr. PARR has been most eloquent in their praise.

I SHOULD add that the MSS. of Dr. Askew were separately sold in 1781, and produced a very considerable sum. The Appendix to Scapula, published in an 8vo. volume, in 1789, was compiled from one of these MSS.

Published by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME,
Paternoster Row; J. HATCHARD, Bookseller to
Her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly; and WILLIAM
MILLER, Albemarle Street.

Printed by William Savage, Bedford-Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 22. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1807.

*One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth.*

THOMSON'S Castle of Indolence, Stanz. xlix.

It was in one of those beautiful evenings of autumn, when the stillness of the surrounding scene, and the varied hues of the distant landscape, excite an indescribable pleasure in the contemplative mind, that I retired to an alcove, situated on an eminence at the extremity of my garden. In my way thither, a thousand amusing objects pre-

sented themselves to my view—the reapers were carrying away their last harvest load, the hedges were beginning to shew their winter-fruit berries, and, what was still more interesting to my feelings, I could discover numerous groups of gleaners, picking up the grain which the husbandmen had spared, and, with their loads upon their heads, marching homewards in all the glee of perfect happiness.

I HAD left upon my table Sir Thomas More's '*Commonwealth of Utopia*,' which had occupied me for the last two hours ; and, meditating upon the fanciful things contained in that performance, I sat down quietly within my alcove, resolved to indulge the variety of imagery which was crowding upon my fancy. In this thoughtful mood, interrupted only by the hum of the beetle, and warbling of the robin, I continued probably about half an hour, when sleep surprised me ; and in my slumber I was amused by the following dream.

METHOUGHT I was gently lifted from the ground into the air, by a being of very superior size, but of an inexpressible sweetness of countenance. Although astonished by the singularity of my situation, I was far from giving way entirely to fear; but, with a mixture of anxiety and resignation, awaited the issue of the event. My Guide or Protector, (for so this being must now be called) looked upon me with an air of tenderness, mingled with reproof; intimating, as I conceived, that the same superior Power which had thus transported me above my natural element, would of necessity keep me in safety. This sentiment quieted my apprehensions.

WE had travelled together through an immensity of space, and could discover the world below as one small darkened spot, when my guide interrupted the awful silence that had been preserved, by the following exclamation: 'Approach, O man! the place of thy desti-

nation—compose thy perturbed spirits, and let all thy senses be awakened to a proper understanding of the scene which thou art about to behold.’ So saying, he moved along with an indescribable velocity; and while my eyes were dazzled by an unusual effulgence of light, I found myself at rest upon a solid seat—formed of crystal of prodigious magnitude.

My guide then fixed himself at my right hand, and after a vehement ejaculation, accompanied by gestures, which had the effect of enchantment upon me, he extended a sceptre of massive gold, decorated with emeralds and sapphires. Immediately there rose up a MIRROR of gigantic dimensions, around which was inscribed, in fifty languages, the word ‘TRUTH.’ I sat in mute astonishment. ‘Examine,’ said my guide, with a voice the most encouraging imaginable, ‘examine the objects reflected upon the surface of this mirror.’ ‘There are none that are discernible to my eyes,’ I replied.

‘Thou shalt soon be gratified then,’ resumed this extraordinary being (with a severe smile upon his countenance) ‘but first let me purge thine eyes from those films of prejudice which, in the world you inhabit, are apt to intercept the light of TRUTH.’ He then took a handful of aromatic herbs, and rubbing them gently upon my temples, gave me the power of contemplating the objects before me.

WONDERFUL indeed was this scene; for upon the surface of the MIRROR the whole world seemed to be reflected! At first, I could not control my feelings; but like a child that springs forward to seize an object greatly beyond its grasp, I made an effort to leave my seat, and to *mingle* in the extraordinary scene. Here, however, my guide interfered—and in a manner the most peremptory and decisive, forbade all further participation of it. ‘*View* it attentively,’ replied he, ‘and impress firmly on thy

memory what thou shalt see—it may solace thee the remainder of thy days.’

THE authoritative air with which these words were delivered, quite repressed and unnerved me. I obeyed, and intently viewed the objects before me. The first thing that surprised me was, the representation of all the metropolitan cities of Europe. London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, in particular, occupied my attention; and, what was still *more* surprising, I seemed to be perfect master of every event going on in them—but more particularly of the transactions of *Bodies Corporate*. I saw Presidents in their chairs, with Secretaries and Treasurers by their sides, and to whatever observations were made, the most implicit attention was paid. Here, an eloquent Lecturer was declaiming upon the beauty of morality, and the deformity of vice: there, a scientific Professor was unlocking the hidden treasures of nature, and explaining the va-

rious systems by which air, and earth, and fire, and water, counteract and sustain each other !

AGAIN I turned my eyes, and, contiguous to this scene, viewed the proceedings of two learned sister Societies, distinguished for their labours in *Philosophy* and *Antiquity*. Methought I saw the spirits of NEWTON and of DUGDALE, looking down with complacency upon them, and congratulating each other upon the *general* progress of civilization since they had ceased to mix among men. ‘These Institutions,’ observed my guide, ‘form the basis of rational knowledge, and are the source of innumerable comforts: for the *many* are benefited by the researches and experiments of the *few*. It is easy to laugh at such societies, but it is not quite so easy to remedy the inconveniencies which would be felt, if they were extinct. Nations become powerful in proportion to their wisdom ; it has uniformly been found that where philosophers lived, and learned men wrote,

the arts have flourished, and heroism and patriotism have prevailed. True it is, that discrepancies will sometimes interrupt the harmony of public bodies. But why is perfection to be expected, where every thing must necessarily be imperfect? It is the duty of man to make the *nearest approaches* to public and private happiness. And if, as with a sponge, he wipe away such establishments, genius has little incentive to exertion, and merit still less hope of reward. Now cast your eyes on a different scene? I obeyed, and, within the same city, saw a great number of Asylums and Institutions for the ignorant and helpless. I saw youth instructed, age protected, the afflicted comforted, and the diseased cured. My emotions at this moment were wonderfully strong—they were perceived by my guide, who immediately begged of me to consider the manner by which *epidemic maladies* were prevented or alleviated, and especially how *the most fatal of them* had been arrested in its progress.

I attentively examined the objects before me, and saw thousands of smiling children and enraptured mothers walking confidently 'midst plague and death! I saw them, secure in the *charm* which had been afforded them by the most useful, the most nutritious of animals! 'Enough,' exclaimed my guide, 'thou see'st here the glorious result of a philosophic mind, gifted with an unabatable ardour of experiment. Thou wilt acknowledge, that, compared with the triumph which SUCH A MIND enjoys, the conquests of heroes are puerile, the splendour of monarchy is dim!' During this strain, I fancied I could perceive the human being, alluded to by my guide, retire apart in conversation with *another distinguished friend of humanity*, by whose *unwearied* exertions the condition of many thousand poor people had been meliorated.

'THERE is yet,' resumed my guide, 'another scene equally interesting with the preceding—from a pure morality

flows a pure religion—look therefore on those engaged in the services of CHRISTIANITY.’ I looked, and saw innumerable of my fellow creatures prostrate in adoration before their Creator and Redeemer. I fancied I could hear the last strains of their hallelujahs ascending to the spot whereon I sat. ‘Observe,’ said my Protector, ‘all do not worship in the same manner, because all believe not in the same creeds; but the intention of each may be pure: at least, common charity teaches us thus to think, till some open act betray a malignity of principle. Toleration is the vital spark of religion—arm the latter with the whips of persecution, and you convert her into a fiend scattering terror and dismay! In your own country you enjoy a liberality of sentiment beyond every other on the face of the globe. Learn to be grateful for such an inestimable happiness.’

THESE words had hardly escaped my guide, when I was irresistibly led to look on another part of the Mirror;

where a kind of imperial magnificence, combined with the severest discipline, prevailed. 'You are contemplating,' resumed my preternatural Monitor, 'one of the most interesting scenes in Europe. See the effect of revolutionary commotions! While you view the sable spirit of the last monarch of France, gliding along, at a distance, with an air of sorrow and indignation: while you observe a long line of legitimate princes, exiled from their native country, and dependent upon the contributions of other powers—mark the wonderful, the unparalleled reverse of human events! and acknowledge, that, the preservation of the finest specimens of art, the acquisition of every thing which can administer to the wants of luxury, or decorate the splendour of a throne—the acclamations of hired multitudes or bribed senates, can reflect little lustre on THAT CHARACTER which still revels in the frantic wish of enslaving the world! It is true, you see, yonder, Vienna and Berlin, bereft of their antient splendour, and bowing, as

it were, at the feet of a despot—Had these latter countries kept alive one spark of that patriotism which so much endears to us the memories of Greece and Rome—had they not, in a great measure, become disunited by factions, we might, even in these days, however degenerate, have witnessed something like that patriotic energy, which was displayed in the bay of Salamis, and on the plains of Marathon. Europe may yet be propped—but, without the pillars of England and Russia, I fear all confederacies are inefficient.'

My guide perceiving me to be quite dejected during these remarks, directed my attention to another part of the Mirror, which reflected the transactions of the WESTERN and EASTERN world.

At first, a kind of *mist* spread itself upon the glass, and prevented me from distinguishing any object. This, however, gradually dissolved, and was succeeded by a thick, black smoke, which

involved every thing in impenetrable obscurity. Just as I was about to turn to my guide, and demand the explanation of these appearances, the smoke rolled away, and, instantaneously, there flashed forth a thousand bickering flames. 'What,' cried I, 'is the meaning of these objects?' 'Check, for one moment, your impatience, and your curiosity shall be gratified,' replied my guide. I then distinctly viewed thousands of *Black Men*, who had been groaning under the rod of oppression, starting up in all the transport of renovated life, and shouting aloud 'WE ARE FREE! One tall commanding figure, who seemed to exercise the rights of a chieftain among them, gathered many tribes around him, and addressed them in the following few, but comprehensive words: 'Countrymen, it has pleased the Great God above, to make man instrumental to the freedom of his fellow creatures. While we lament our past, let us be grateful for our present, state: and never let us cease, each revolving year, to build an

altar of stones to the memory of that GREAT and GOOD MAN, who hath principally been the means of our FREEDOM FROM SLAVERY. No; we will regularly perform this solemn act, as long as there shall remain one pebble upon our shores.'

'THUS much,' resumed my guide, 'for the dawning felicities of the *western* world: but see how the eastern empires are yet ignorant and unsettled!' I was about to turn my eyes to Persia and India, to China and Japan, when, to my astonishment, the surface of the MIRROR became perfectly blackened, except in some few circular parts, which were tinged with the colour of blood. 'The future is a fearful sight,' said my guide, 'we are forbidden its contemplation, and can only behold the gloomy appearances before us: they are ominous ones!'

My mind, on which so many and such various objects had produced a confused effect, was quite overpowered and distracted. I leant upon the arm of the

chair, and covering my face with my hands, became absorbed in a thousand ideas which such scenes had excited, when a sudden burst of thunder made me start from my seat—and, looking forward, I perceived that the MIRROR, with all its magical illusions, had vanished away! My preternatural guide then placed himself before me, but in an altered, female form. A hundred varied coloured wings sprung from her arms, and her feet seemed to be shod with sandals of rubies, around which numerous cherubs entwined themselves. The perfume that arose from the flapping of her wings was inexpressibly grateful; and the soft silvery voices of these cherubic attendants had an effect truly enchanting.

No language can adequately describe my sensations on viewing this extraordinary change of objects. I gazed with rapture upon my wonderful guide, whose countenance now beamed with benevolence and beauty. ‘Ah!’ exclaimed I; ‘this is a vision of happiness.’

never to be realized. 'Thou art a being that I am doomed never to meet with in the world below.' 'Peace:' whispered an unknown voice, 'injure not thy species by such a remark: the object before thee is called by a name that is familiar to thee—it is 'CANDOUR.' She is the handmaid of Truth, the sister of Virtue, and the priestess of Religion.'

I was about to make reply, when a figure of terrific mien, and enormous dimensions, rushed angrily towards me, and taking me up in my crystal chair, bore me precipitately to the earth. In my struggles to disengage myself from this monster, I awoke; and, on gazing about me, with difficulty could persuade myself that I was an inhabitant of this world.

THE sun had now entirely sunk behind the hills; and, as the shades of evening began to prevail, and a chilly moisture to impregnate the air, I retired

slowly and pensively to my study. 'This dream,' said I to myself, 'can never perish from my memory—The MIRROR OF TRUTH will always be before my eyes.'

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA*.

IN the last number of the Director, the bibliographical student might probably have been amused with the fine

* The curious collector was, I am sure, too well pleased with the last extract from Mr. Brand's sale of books, to be out of humour with a *further* account of the prices for which some rare articles were sold. He will see that it was reserved for the refinement of these times to appreciate justly the value of 'pithie, plesaunt, and profittable' discourses, and will figure to himself the high glee with which the ghosts of '*Maisters Caston, W. de Worde, Pynson, &c.*' must contemplate the sharp contentions carried on in Mr. Stewart's Auction Room, between the H's. and M's. and C's. and T's. of the day, for little besmeared BLACK LETTER TRACTS about 'Butchers and Bakers, and Candlestick-makers.'

things said about the Fleetwood, and Dr. Askew's, collection. I have now

	£.	s.	d.
No. 272. A. England's Parnassus, 8vo. 1600		2	10 0
No. 282. A <i>Booke of Fishing</i> , with Hooke and Line, 1600. A Booke of Engines and Traps to take Polcats, Buzzards, Rats, Mice, &c. cuts, <i>very rare</i>		3	3 0
No. 283. Archy's Dream, sometimes Jester to his Majestie, but expelled the Court by Can- terburie's Malice, <i>very rare</i>	1	13	0
No. 337. A new Dialogue between the Angell of God and Shep- herdes in the Felde, <i>black letter</i>		2	10 0
No. 381. A Dialogue betweene two Neigh- bours, concernyng Ceremo- nyes in the first Year of Queene Mary, black letter, with portrait of Mary, by Delarme, from Roane, by Michelwood, 1554		2	12 6
No. 396. A Narrative of an Extraordi- nary Delivery of Rabbits, performed by John How- ard, Surgeon, at Guildford, 1727, and eight more on			

to submit to him an account of books of equal value in point of rarity; and,

	£.	s.	d.
the Rabbit Woman; very curious	1	8	0
No. 417. A short Inventory of <i>certain idle Inventions</i> , black letter, very rare	2	15	0
No. 418. A JUNIPER LECTURE, with the Description of all Sorts of Women, Good and Bad, very rare, Lond. 1639.	1	16	0
No. 422. A New Dictionary of the Canting Crew. The Scoundrell's Dictionary, 1754	0	10	0
No. 454. A Quip for an Upstart Courtier; or, a Quaint Dispute betweene Velvet Breeches and Cloth Breeches, wherein is set downe the Disorders in all Estates and Trades, with portraits. Lond. printed by G. P. 1620.	2	16	0
No. 462. Articles to be enquired into by the various Bishops, &c. in their Visitations; upwards of one hundred; a very curious, scarce, and unique collection	2	2	0
No. 476. A brief Discours off the Troubles begonne at Frantfort, in Germany, 1554, aboute			

considering the owner of them, of still greater interest: for the circumstances by

		£.	s.	d
	<i>the Booke of Common Prayer and Ceremonies</i> , black letter, 1575		0	13 0
No. 545.	Austin (Wm.) HÆC HOMO, wherein the Excellency of Woman is described; with Portraits of Mrs. Griffiths and the Author, by Glover. Lond. 1639.		0	16 0
No. 733.	Buchannon (Geo.) Detection of the Duinges of Marie Queene of Scottes, touch-and the Murder of her Husband, and her Conspiracie, Adulterie, and pretended Marriage with the Earl Bothwell, 1598, &c. &c.		0	14 6
No. 802.	Barbiere (John) the famous Game of Chesse Play, cuts, 1673. The most ancient and learned Play, called, The Philosopher's Game, invented for the honourable Recreation of the Studious, by W. F. black letter, 1563	2	4	0
No. 1300.	A PLAISTER FOR A GALLED HORSE, very rare, 1548. See Herbert's Ames, vol. 1. 581	3	17	6

which they were collected, were of no ordinary occurrence. I allude to the

£. s. d.

No. 1312. A Counter Blaste to Tobacco.

Ib. 1604.

0 17 0

No. 1326. Bentley's (Thos.) *Monument*

of *Matrons*, containing seven severall Lamps of Virginitie, or Distinct Treaties, black letter, collated and perfect, a very fine copy, extremely rare and curious, imprinted at London, by Thomas Dawson, for William Seres, extremely rare

8 18 6

No. 1334. Bert (Edmund) an approved Treatise of *Hawkes and Hunting*. Lond. 1619

1 10 0

No. 1398. Coverdale's (Myles) *Christian's State of Matrimony*, wherein Husbandes and Wyves may learne to keepe House together with Love: black letter, imp. by John Awdely, 1575.

A Christian Exortacion unto Customable Sweares, *black letter*, 1575

1 1 0

No. 1405. Cokain's (Sir Aston) Poems of Divers Sorts, *rare*, (for an account of the Author see Mr. Brand's MS. Note) Lond. 1658.

2 0 0

No. 1540. Burton (Wm.) *Seven Dia-*

BIBLIOTHECA RATCLIFFIANA; or,
A Catalogue of the elegant and truly

	£.	s.	d.
logues, black letter, Lond. 1606. George Whetstone's a <i>Mirour for Magistrates</i> of Cities. b. l. printed by Rich- ard Jones, 1584.	3	13	6
No. 1542. BYSHOP's (John) <i>beautifull Blossomes</i> , black letter, im- printed by Henrie Cockyn, 1577	4	10	0
No. 1754, Characters (viz.) The Surfeit to A. B. C. Lond. 1656. Dr. Lupton's <i>London and Coun- try carbonadoed, and quar- tered in severall Characters</i> , 1632. Essayes and Charac- ters, by L. G. 1661	4	7	0
No. 2069. England's Jests refined and improved, 1660	2	14	0
No. 2184. England's Worthies. Portrait of the Earl of Essex, made perfect with MS. 1647	5	13	6
No. 2325. Carion (John) the Thre Bokes of Chronicles, b. l. imp. by W. Lynne, 1560	4	10	0
No. 2326. Catharo's Diogenes in his Sin- gularitie, wherein is com- prehended his merrie Baight- ing fit for all Men's Bene- fits; christened by him a Net-			

valuable Library of JOHN RATCLIFFE,
Esq. late of Bermondsey, deceased. The

	£.	s.	d.
<i>tle for Nice Noses</i> , by L. F. black letter, 1591.	2	10	0
No. 3523. <i>PAGES</i> (Mrs.) <i>Poems, Fables</i> <i>Roule, &c. rare</i> , 1651	5	15	6
No. 3527. Fisher (Bishop) of Rochester. This Sermon followynge was complyed and sayd in the Cathedrall Church of St. Paule, the body being pre- sent, of the most famous PRYNCE KYNGE HENRY 7, the 10th Day of May, 1509, which sermon, with the wood cut, was imprinted by Wynkin de Worde, MCCCCCIX. Thereafter followeth a Mornynge Re- membrancer at the Moneth Minde of the Noble Prynces Margarete, Countesse of Richmond and Darbye, Mo- der unto Kynge Henry 7, and Grandame to oure Soue- rayne Lord that now is, up- pon whose Soule Almighty God have Mercy. Wood cut. Emprinted at London, by Wynke de Worde, black letter, <i>both extra rare</i>	3	7	0

whole collected with great judgment and expense, during the last thirty years of his life: comprehending a large and most choice collection of the rare old English *black letter*, in fine preservation, and in elegant bindings, printed by CAXTON, LETTOU, MACHLINIA, the anonymous St. Albans Schoolmaster, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Berthelet, Grafton, Day, Newberie, Marshe, Jugge, Whytchurch, Wyer, Rastell, Coplande, and the rest of the *Old English Typographers*: several missals and MSS. and two Pedigrees on vellum, finely illuminated.'

THE title page then sets forth a specimen of these black-lettered gems; among which our eyes are dazzled with a galaxy of Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, Pynsons, &c. &c. The sale took place on March 27, 1776; although the *year* is unaccountably omitted, by that renowned Auctioneer, the late Mr. Christie, who disposed of them.

IF ever there was a *unique* collection, this was one—the very essence of Old Divinity, Poetry, Romances, and Chronicles! The articles were only 1675 in number, but their intrinsic value amply compensated for their paucity.

THE following is but an inadequate specimen.

	£.	s.	d.
No. 1315. Horace's Arte of Poetrie, Pistles and Satyres, by Drant. 1567. <i>First English edition.</i>	0	16	6
No. 1321. The Sheppearde's Calender, 1579. Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576	1	2	0
No. 1392. The Pastyme of the People*, printed by Rastell. Curious wood cuts	4	7	0
No. 1393. Cronicles of Englande, printed by CAXTON, fine copy, 1480.	5	5	0
No. 1394. Ditto, printed at St. Albans, 1483. <i>Purchased by Dr. Hunter</i> , and now in his Museum, which I have seen	7	7	0

* A copy of this book is not now to be procured. I have known £.40 offered for it, and contemptuously rejected.

	£.	s.	d.
No. 1403. Barclay's Shyp of Folyas, printed by Pynson, 1508, <i>first edit.</i> fine copy	2	10	0
No. 1426. The Doctrinal of Sapyence, printed by CAXTON, 1489	8	8	0
No. 1427. The Boke, called Cathon, PITTO, 1483. <i>Purchased by Dr. Hunter</i> , and now in his Museum	5	5	0
No. 1428. The Polytyque Boke, named Tullius de Senectute, in Englyshe, by CAXTON, 1481. <i>Purchased for his Majesty</i>	14	0	0
No. 1429. The Game of Chease Playe. No date. <i>For his Majesty</i>	16	0	0
☛ These two last articles are worth at least £. 80, if perfect.			
No. 1665. The Boke of Jason, printed by CAXTON. This, and the preceding article, are supposed to be the second and third books ever printed by Caxton. They are 'rarest among the rare.' <i>Purchased for his Majesty</i>	5	10	0
No. 1669. The Polychronicon of Ranulph Higden, translated by Trevisa, 1482. <i>Purchased by Dr. Hunter</i>	5	15	6

No. 1670. <i>Legenda Aurea</i> , or the Golden <i>Legende</i> *. 1483	£. s. d. 9 15 0
No. 1674. Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogues of the <i>rare old black letter</i> †, and other curious and uncommon books, 4 vol.	7 15 0

I BEG pardon of the *manes* of 'John Ratcliffe, Esq.' for the very inadequate manner in which I have brought forward his collection to public notice. The memory of such a man ought to be dear to the '*black lettered-dogs*' of the present day;

* In Dr. Hunter's Museum there is one of the finest copies in the world of this ponderous but magnificent folio volume. The wood cuts in it were erroneously supposed by HEINEKIN to have been the first ever executed in this country.

† This would have been the most delicious article to *my* palate. If the present owner of it were disposed to part with it, I could not find it in my heart to refuse him *compound interest* for his money. As is the wooden frame-work to the bricklayer, in the construction of his arch, so might Mr. Ratcliffe's MS. Catalogues be to me in the compilation of a certain *magnum opus*!

for he had [mirabile dictu !] *upwards of*
THIRTY CAXTONS* !

IF I might hazard a comparison between Mr. James West's and Mr. John Ratcliffe's collections, I should say that the former was more extensive, the lat-

* In the present *Caxton-loving* age, with what avidity would such a number of this printer's books be sought after ! They will rarely ever again appear in one collection so numerous or so perfect. I am well acquainted with the skill and liberality of Messrs. Payne, White, Egerton and Evans—that these gentlemen know and love Caxton as well as ALDUS, FROBEN, and the STEPHENSES—but I question if in the ocean of *English black letter*, they have taken quite so deep a plunge as Mr. Manson, of Gerard Street, Soho. It is due to the spirit and perseverance of this latter bookseller, to notice his love of the *Imprints*, *Colophons*, and *Devices* of our venerable ENGLISH TYPOGRAPHERS. Professor Heyne could not have exhibited greater signs of joy at the sight of the Townley MS. of Homer, than did Mr. Manson on the discovery of Rastell's 'Pastyme of the People,' among the books of Mr. Brand. If I wished for a collection of Rembrandt's or Nanteuil's prints, or of old portraits and black-lettered books, catalogued, I would, with the utmost confidence, resign the whole to the integrity and discrimination of Mr. Manson.

ter more curious: Mr. West's, like a magnificent *champagne*, executed by the hand of Claude or Both, and enclosing mountains, meadows, and streams, presented to the eye of the beholder a scene at once luxuriant and fruitful: Mr. Ratcliffe's, like one of those delicious pieces of scenery, touched by the pencil of Rysdael or Hobbima, exhibited to the beholder's eye a spot equally interesting, but less varied and extensive: the judgment displayed in both was the same. The sweeping foliage and rich pasture of the former, could not, perhaps, afford greater gratification than the thatched cottage, abrupt declivities, and gushing streams of the latter. To change the metaphor—Mr. West's was a magnificent repository, Mr. Ratcliffe's a choice cabinet of gems.

OF some particulars of Mr. Ratcliffe's life, I had hoped to have found gleanings in Mr. Nichols's *Anecdotes of Bowyer*; but his name does not even appear in the index; being probably reserved for the second forth-coming enlarged

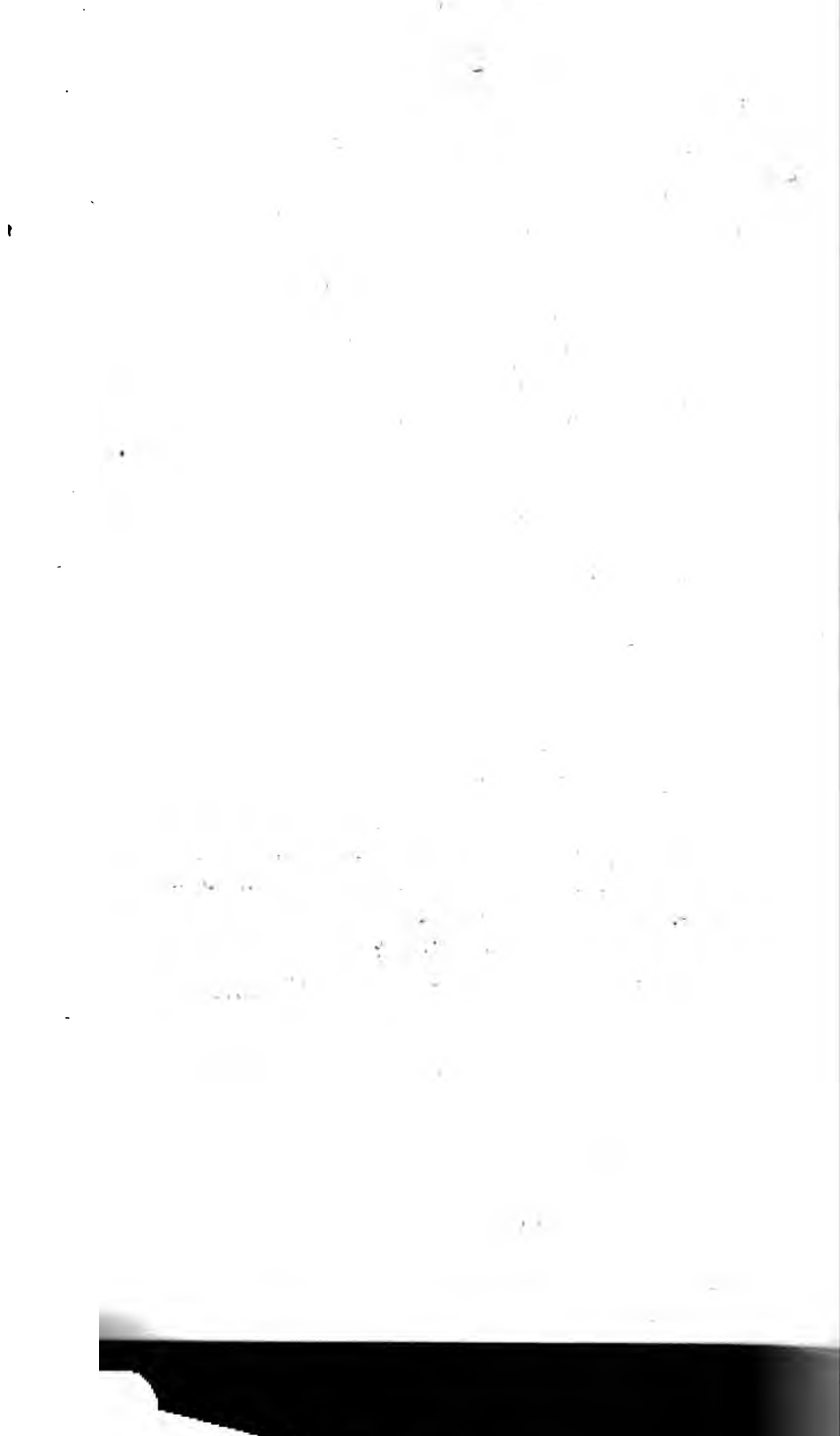
edition. Meanwile it may not be uninteresting to remark, that, like another MAGLIABECHI*, he imbibed his love of reading and collecting from the accidental possession of scraps and leaves of books. The fact is, Mr. Ratcliffe once kept a *chandler's shop* in the Borough; and, as is the case with all retail traders,

* 'Magliabechi's parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man *who sold herbs and fruit*. He had never learned to read; and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as *waste paper* in his master's shop. A bookseller, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day, "What he meant by staring so much on printed paper?" He said, "that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things—that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." See the life of this extraordinary man, printed at Strawberry Hill, in 1758, 8vo. A curious, and rather scarce, little volume. MAGLIABECHI lived to become librarian to the Grand Duke of FLORENCE, and had his fame extolled by such men as Crescembeni, Moreri, Lavocat, and Salvini. He was called 'The Universal Library.' 'A Prodigy of Learning,' &c. &c.

had great quantities of old books brought to him to be purchased at so much *per pound*! Hence arose his passion for collecting the *black letter*, as well as *Stilton cheeses*; and hence, by unwearied assiduity and attention to business, he amassed a sufficiency to retire within the precincts of his library, instead of his shop; and to live, for the remainder of his days, on the luxury of old English literature.

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THE DIRECTOR.

No. 23. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1807.

To doubt

Is worse than to have lost: and to despair,

Is but to antedate those miseries

That must fall on us.

DUKE OF MILAN.

HAVING received the two following communications from quarters very capable of affording many more, I submit them to the perusal of the reader, as the didactic part of the present number; to the *first*, I have taken the liberty of prefixing the above motto from MASSINGER.

VOL. II.

T t

To the Editor of the Director.

Cypress Hall, June 13, 1807.

Sir,

I PERCEIVE that your Journal embraces miscellaneous matter, and is not exclusively confined to the details of the arts and sciences. Sometimes you love to sport with Beaus and Belles, and sometimes to steal behind the scenes, and give dramatic authors a whipping for their stupid or impudent productions.

It does not, however, appear to me, that you have yet travelled into the country, and taken notice of the oddities and singularities of the *rustic* character. In the present communication, it is my intention to transmit to you a short Journal which I made during my visit at the house of my old friend SIR TIMOTHY ZOUCHÉ. But, first of all, Sir, let me give you a sketch of Sir Timothy's character.

SIR TIMOTHY is of a very antient an-

cestry; as may be observed from the *Family Tree*, drawn on vellum, and hanging up in an old oaken frame in the hall. I am not quite sure whether, among the curiosities of the *black-room* library, there be not an edition of the *St. Albans Book on Heraldry*, with MS. notes, by Sir William Dugdale; in which Sir Timothy's ancestors are mentioned in the most honourable manner. Suffice it to observe, that Sir Timothy justly boasts of a splendid race of great grandfathers and grandmothers, who have drawn swords and worked carpets for the benefit of their country.

HE has two daughters and one son; the latter well married, and settled in Caernarvonshire; from whence he frequently writes long letters, and amuses the worthy Knight with his descriptions of Conway Castle, Snowdon and Plinlimmon mountains. The daughters are unmarried, and live with their father in tolerable harmony.

THE misfortune is, Sir Timothy ranks among those unhappy gentlemen who are continually worrying themselves about the triumphs of the French, and the manœuvres of Party at home. If the former happen to be defeated, he draws plans for confining a *certain Gentleman* within an iron cage; or, if he happen to conquer, he anticipates the subjugation of the world. When the surrender of Dantzic reached him, he expressed his surprise and chagrin that the Stocks had not fallen more than *two* per cent: and when he was made acquainted with the news of our late disaster in Egypt, he uttered a deep groan, declaring that there was an end of British valour by *land*! Our ships, according to Sir Timothy's calculations, should be at all quarters of the world in all seasons; and though he acknowledges that the Atlantic is somewhat wider than Salisbury plain, he is quite astonished that every motion of the enemy's navy should not be seen and counteracted by our own.

SIR TIMOTHY keeps a curious register, in which are pasted (cut out from newspapers and journals) the captures of the French and the English ; the loss both parties sustain in each battle, and the exact returns of Members of Parliament. But, Sir, you are looking for the Journal—and here it is.

' Sunday, June 7. Went to church—Sir Timothy thoughtful during the sermon—on going out, expressed his fears of the consequences of the surrender of Dantzic. After dinner, drank a glass and half—' Duckworth,' and ' Constantinople,' alternately uttered by the Knight, as he dosed in his chair.

Monday, June 8. A blight in the air. Sir Timothy fearful of the apple season, in Devonshire and Herefordshire (where he holds estates). Much grumbling against an English climate and French wines. Letter from Devonshire—apples looking well—good prospect of payment of rent—an extra glass after dinner—

'Benningesen' toasted in a bumper, in which the Miss Zouches are compelled to join—'Bonaparte in the Tower!' three times three! much laughing, with a violent fit of coughing—rather gloomy as the evening came on. The King of Holland a jackanapes for sending Commissioners to buy pictures at Christie's.

Tuesday, June 9. No hopes of Europe. Sweden guined, Russia blinded, and Prussia mad. The Archduke Charles stupefied—our troops asleep. No speaking to Sir Timothy in this mood—waited till after dinner, when 'Church and King' being given in an overflowing bumper, restored every thing to proper order. No land like England—and no end to the rain—what is to become of the corn? A dearth, dearness, mutiny, and general insurrection. Monopolizers the pest of the country.

Wednesday, June 10. Prospects of a peace held forth by the papers—England undone, in consequence. Visible

decay in trade, and general corruption in manners—dinners at 7—ladies always dressed in lace, and gentlemen stubbornly continuing to leave off powder—nothing like days of yore: the cocked hat and clubbed queue of the good old Duke of Cumberland—the victory of Culloden more brilliant than that of Maida. Barometer falling, and more rain. *Sir Timothy in one continued state of alarm.*

Thursday, June 11. The Miss Zouches gone to Ramsgate for the season. Sir Timothy fearful of a division in the house. Good news from Herefordshire—apples looking well. An armistice dreaded: Talleyrand too deep for Alexander. Volunteers again in motion.

‘He would be a soldier, would sweet Willy * ho!’

THE preceding, Mr. Director, is but a faint description of the artificial misery which this worthy Knight is continually creating for himself and those around him. Hoping the present communication

* Sir Timothy's gardener.

may operate as a warning to all those who are disposed to tread in the footsteps of Sir Timothy Zouche,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

THEOPHILUS.

THEOPHILUS has my best thanks for the lively portraiture he has drawn of this singular old Knight. There cannot be, methinks, a more dreadful pest within any walls than that which arises from the acrimony of a gloomy mind, constantly brooding over scenes of calamity and dismay. Life has enough of *real* misery and of *positive* ills, without adding to them by the *artificial* ones of a dis-tempered brain. I have too good an opinion of my own country to suppose that a universal dejection is to be the consequence of a partial defeat: nor can I be led to think, that, because one potentate has fallen prostrate to be trod upon, any thing like BRITISH VALOUR would stoop

to the like ignominy. It is the characteristic of a child, to be perpetually anticipating victory; and it is the meanness of a coward, to suppose all our energies paralysed by a defeat. Bravery is madness without discretion, and despair is the last feeling which can possess a bosom animated by a proper love of one's country.

Sir,

My observations on the structure and decoration of our theatres having experienced some unavoidable interruption, I now beg to resume them.

THE strictures in my first letter were confined to the shape of the house, or part allotted to the spectators; the remarks in my second epistle had for their object the disposition of the Prosce-nium, or intermediate space between

the house and the stage; the observations of this my third scrawl will entirely relate to the arrangement of the stage itself.

WITH regard to this latter part of our theatrical structures, allow me to begin by observing that our nation, which perhaps makes a more dexterous and more extensive use of machinery than any other, in the production and improvement of objects of direct utility and comfort, seems to avail itself less than any other, of the powers of mechanism, in the promotion and the perfecting of instruments and means of mere diversion and show.

IN the great Italian and French theatres, every change of scenery, however extensive its whole, and however complicated its parts, is entirely accomplished by means of machinery. The turning of one single wheel effects at once, both the simultaneous retreat of the entire assemblage of wings and

drops and flat, that are to disappear, and the simultaneous advancement of the entire set of lateral and top and back scenes, that are to come forward in their place: so that the deepest forest or garden scene is, as if by magic, in a twinkling, converted into a street or palace.

IN the English playhouses, on the contrary, every change of scenery (if we except a few of those very confined and partial transfigurations of our Harlequinades, termed Pantomimes) is atchieved by dint of hands; and, whether the action lie in Peru or in China, in antient Greece or in modern London, whenever the scene is to be shifted, out pop a parcel of fellows in ragged laced liveries, to announce the event, and to bring it about by mere manual labour. They are not only distinctly heard, giving each other directions to that purpose, to the unspeakable annoyance of the actor, whom they perhaps outbellow in some of his finest passages—but they are even distinctly seen, tugging and pulling piecemeal

at each different piece of the scenery : of these various divisions some hitch, others tumble; here a wing comes rolling on the stage before its time, there another lags behind until perhaps the time for a new removal is arrived: and thus does every one of those changes of decoration, so frequent in English plays, only present a scene of confusion, most distressing to the eye.

I SHALL not expatiate at length, on the constant violation of those laws of perspective, which ought to make the whole range of wings and drops and flat, one single cohering body; or on the equally constant disregard of those rules of congruity, which should render every one of these different component parts of the same whole, subservient to an uniform style of architecture and of decoration. Suffice it to say, that this violation and this disregard of the most essential conditions of theatrical illusion are carried in England to the highest pitch. Instead of fitting to each other's

extremities. with nicety, the wings and drops often encroach upon each other's boundaries in such a way as to occasion, in the different objects which they represent, the most unsightly maimings and breaks: and not unfrequently is the roof of the humblest hovel lost in the tattered sky. For the most part, the wings, neither in the style, nor in the proportions, nor in the perspective of their architecture, correspond at all with the flat with which they are associated; and between the extreme shallowness of these wings, and the excessive width of the intervening spaces between them, half the audience is treated, in all our playhouses, with a full view, not only of the premeditated and full dress play, acted before the scenes, but of the extempore and undress play, going forward behind the stage, to the utter destruction of all illusion, decorum, and pleasure !

ON the French stage, whenever the scene represents a room, particular attention is given to the making that room

appear habitable and inhabited. It always displays in the very centre of the flat or closing part, its own appropriate folding door, at which the dramatic personæ usually go in and out; and if, from the peculiar texture of the play exhibited, this room should be supposed to lead to different distinct contiguous apartments, it has as many more additional doors as there are supposed to be such apartments, each contrived in some one of the wings that line the sides of the stage. This practice not only increases the illusion of the scene, but, what is still more material, renders much easier the understanding of the plot: not to speak of the infinitely more striking effect which is produced by a performer of a commanding mien, and invested with a dignified character, entering the scene at the centre, and from his very first appearance presenting himself in front to the spectators, than when obliged to slide edgewise on and off the boards, through an interstice in the side scenes.

IN England there hardly ever is a central door, contrived in the flat which closes the scene: Whatever be the performance, and whoever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium; and which, as I have already observed, offer in their architecture and decoration no harmony or connection whatever with the peculiar scenery or event exhibited; or they slide in and out, between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid cohering wall; so that, were the laws of perspective sufficiently attended to, in the painting of the scenes, to render the separation between their different divisions as imperceptible as it ought to be, and to make them look like an uninterrupted mass of masonry, the *entrée* and the exit of each personage athwart this solid wall, would every time appear effected by downright witchcraft.

IN French scenery, a room, repre-

sented as inhabited, always is made to display a few chairs, and other pieces of appropriate furniture, disposed all around, and ready for the performers to help themselves to, when required: nor, if, in the play that is acting, a dialogue between two seated personages, should not be intended to take place, until, perhaps, near the very conclusion of the scene, would a couple of the gentlemen in laced liveries aforementioned, as if endowed with the gift of second sight from the very rising of the curtain, lug two lumbering arm-chairs to the very centre of the in all other respects totally unfurnished boards; there to remain, staring the spectators full in the face, during the whole of the ensuing scene, in order to give them timely intimation of a conversation, which, perhaps, the author has been torturing his wits to represent as an unpremeditated and spontaneous effusion, resulting from the most unforeseen concurrence of incidents.

A. Z.

BIBLIOGRAPHIANA.

ALL human labours must have a period of cessation, and that period has at length arrived to these *bibliographical memoranda*. The reader will therefore keep up his spirits, as well as he is able, in the perusal of this farewell address.

THE DIRECTOR, of which the present number forms the twenty-third, will cease for the season after the next, or twenty-fourth, number. The ensuing one, however, being engaged for matter of much more importance than any thing connected with *black letter*, or *unique copies*, I embrace the opportunity afforded me in the present one, of making my respectful bow, and bidding adieu till the year 1808; but not without something by way of

EPILOGUE.

WHOEVER will be at the pains of consulting Part 2. Sect. 2. Memb. 4. of
VOL. II. X X

BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy**, will not want further arguments to convince him of the excellency and utility of *books*. In two pages, we have a cluster of authorities, from Seneca to King James the First, of England, of the importance of *reading*, in driving away melancholy and the spleen; and I feel pretty confident that it was in reference to *old English Literature*, that our monarch from the North is made to exclaim, that 'if he were to be a prisoner, he would desire to have no other prison than the BODLEIAN LIBRARY, and to be chained † together with so many good authors.'

* Edit. 1652.

† This expression was, no doubt, *metaphorically* used by good King James—but there are some libraries, not many yards from Magdalen College, wherein chains are *ipso facto* affixed to the books. A great deal of curious antiquarian research is connected with this subject of chaining books. It would be well, if a few iron links were occasionally entwined round some of the duodecimos of our *circulating libraries*. Knowledge travels much too fast from these repositories.

HEINSIUS, (I presume Daniel) is also introduced as an evidence of the comforts of a well-stored library. Alluding to the public one at Leyden, of which he was the keeper, he breaks out in the following manner: 'I no sooner come into the library, but I bolt the door, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich men, that know not this happiness.'

THE preceding remarks are in favour of books *in general*; let us now see whether a word or two may not be said in praise of the BLACK LETTER. Schellhorn, in his *Literary Amusements**, observes, with the proper spirit of a bibliographer, that 'there is something in the

* *Amœnitates Literariæ*, tom. i. p. 5.

rude shapes and black and broken appearances of these letters, which wonderfully affects the senses.' Chevillier, in his history of printing at Paris*, gives us an animated account of a copy of the 'Speculum Salutis', (the quintessence of black letter) which he had the good luck to purchase for 4 livres, when it might be worth *fourteen hundred*: and one of the De Bures, in the preface to La Valliere's Catalogue, very justly remarks, that 'the most distinguished literary characters attach considerable value to *first editions*, as books of the greatest utility, on account of the excellent readings found in them.' Let us then, benevolent Reader, no longer doubt of the transcendent merit of the BLACK LETTER; but heartily join in commendation of those who procure, at such great trouble and expense, the typographical productions of Verard, Zarotus, and Eustache, abroad: of Caxton, W. de Worde, and Pynson, at home.

THUS much in support 'of the excel-

† P. 281.

lency and utility of books.' As to *modes of application*, I would advise the bibliographical student not to distress himself about devoting a *certain number* of hours every day. Nothing, in my humble opinion, is more ridiculous than this mechanical method of acquiring knowledge. Our fitness for reading should never be *forced*: if too much Madeira have not stupified the brain the preceding evening, and the faculties seem quite *au-fait*, I presume few literary men would quit their books because the 4th or 5th hour of reading had transpired. Old CASTELL, the immortal editor of the Lexicon Heptaglotton, used to consider that day as having been unproductive, or almost devoted to idleness, 'in which he had not toiled *sixteen* or *eighteen* hours at his Polyglot labours.'

To be sure, few modern gentlemen may have such good eyes or strong heads as this said Castell; and few, perhaps, would like to entangle themselves so completely in the Syriac and Arabic lan-

guages as he did—from an apprehension that they might not escape so successfully: but surely two, or three, or four hours, are sufficient for the common purposes of literature—if the perception be quick, and the judgment clear.

FATHER LE LONG, the author of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, of which Masch has given us such an excellent edition in four quarto volumes *, most certainly hastened his end by too intense an application to books ; as did also, I fear, our great scholar KUSTER. The former more particularly by *rising too soon after dinner* †; and the latter by not having a *proper reading desk from his upholsterer* ‡. If I were to select three men above

* Halle, 1778—90.

† 'E mensa ad libros evolabat, 'says his biographer.

‡ Kuster was in the habit of reading and writing upon a square table, across which he was continually leaning, to examine books: his chest in consequence became affected, and a consumptive disorder ensued. It is related of him, that, in the midst of

others, for variety of erudition, and intensity of application, they would be, Barthius, editor of Statius, Father Papebroch, editor of the 'Acta Sanctorum' (in 50 volumes folio), and Fabricius, the well known author of the *Bibliotheca Græca*, &c. Compared with these men, who may be called by Scaliger's phrase, '*homines centenarii*,' I consider MAGLIABECHI himself, lolling in his cradle*, a mere infant in application.

his editing SUIDAS's LEXICON, he was awaked one night by thunder and lightning, and seized with so dreadful an apprehension for the safety of this work, that he rose immediately, and carried it to bed with him, with all the affection of a father for an only child.

* Of MAGLIABECHI honourable mention was made in the last number of the Director. 'In his manner of living,' says Spence, 'he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When any one wanted to see him, they most usually found him *lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle*, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books around him; some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, on which he used occasionally to sleep; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books by a number of cobwebs. On the entrance of any one, he commonly used to call out, '*not to hurt his spiders!*'

HAVING descanted thus much on the advantages of books, black letter, and a well regulated application to study, I purpose bringing the subject of bibliography more particularly under review, by saying a few words on the prevalence of knowledge, or rather, perhaps, the circulation of books, in THIS COUNTRY *at the present time*: and in so doing I shall consider the METROPOLIS as the fittest place for forming a criterion of the progress of intellectual refinement.

FASHIONS in dress, in houses, plate, linen and books, all take their rise in London; and it were well if, in our account of the fashions prevailing there, the most absurd or indecorous were confined to the foregoing articles only: it were well, if the misery resulting from injudicious habits and customs were exclusively the effect of *Egyptian patterns*, and *large paper copies*; and that *subscription** *houses* and *masquerades*† were entirely out of the question.

* A modern phrase for *gaming houses*.

† A recent masquerade-advertisement specifies

BUT to return. The minute detail of booksales which has chiefly occupied the former pages of 'Bibliographiana,' may impress the reader with a notion that the love of reading and of collecting was known only to our *forefathers*, half a century and upwards ago—I mean on the contrary to convince him, that *the present* is the epoch of literature: and for this purpose, shall lay before him a statement of the principal book-sales in this metropolis, from November last to the present month inclusive. In this statement I shall confine myself to the sales of Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, Messrs. King and Lochée, and of Mr. Stewart only. The minor ones, carried on under *Covent Garden Piazza*, at *Tom's Coffee House*, &c. are unnecessary to be noticed.

that the ladies' tickets are *two Guineas*; the gentlemen's, *three Guineas*!! This will have a comical appearance 150 years hence, and be considered *vastly reasonable*. Fortunately for those who repent of obtaining them, the tickets are *transferable*!

Booksales by LEIGH and SOTHEY.

	Volumes.
Rev. Edward Bowerbank's library	2200
Earl of Hallifax's	2000
Mr. John Voight's	6000
Sutton Sharpe's, Esq.	4000
George Mason's, ditto	3800
Mr. Burdon's	14000
Charles Bedford's, Esq.	3500
Rev. Charles Bathurst's	3000
Sir John Sebright's, Bt. (duplicates)	3300
Bishop Horsley's	4400
Mr. E. Edwards's	1100
Lieut. Col. Thos. Velley's	2200
<i>Four miscellaneous</i>	6000
	55500

Booksales by KING and LOCHÉE.*

R. Forster's, Esq. library	5000
Dr. John Millar's	3500

* Messrs. King and Lochee open the *book campaign* next season (in November) with the sale of the curious and extensive library of the late ISAAC REED, Esq. editor of *Shakspeare*, the *Biographia Dramatica*, &c. So valuable a collection, in regard

Bibliographiana.**357**

	Volumes.
Mr. C. Martin's	1000
Mr. Daniel Waldron's	1200
Rev. Thomas Towle's	3000
Mr. Brice Lambert's	2000
C. Dilly's, Esq.	3000
<i>Six miscellaneous</i>	8400
	27100

Booksales by MR. STEWART.

Mr. Law's library	4000
Lord Thurlow's	3000
Mr. William Bryant's	4500
Rev. W. W. Fitzthomas's	2000
Rev. John Brand's	17000
George Stubbs, Esq.	1800
<i>Three miscellaneous</i>	4300
	36600

TOTAL.

Sold by Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby	55500
Messrs. King & Lochée	27100
Mr. Stewart	36600
	119200

to *English literature*, has never yet appeared before the public. The catalogue will be revised by a very able hand.

SUCH has been the circulation of books, within these last seven months, by the hands of *three auctioneers only*; and the prices which a great number of curious* articles brought, is a sufficient demonstration that books are esteemed for their *intrinsic value* as well as for the adventitious circumstances which render them *rare* or *curious*. While there are purchasers for the ARCANO DEL MARE†, the commentary of EUSTATHIUS on HOMER, and Caxton's KNIGHT OF THE TOURE‡, we need not despair of the taste, erudition, and bibliographical spirit, of the age!

BUT posterity are not to judge of the prevalence of knowledge in these times,

* Vid. the preceding numbers of the Director: Art. 'Bibliographiana.'

† For some account of this work consult vol. i. p. 380, of the Director.

‡ 'The Knight of the Toure,' printed by Caxton in 1483, was purchased by a noble Earl, distinguished for his very fine collection, for the sum of *one hundred and eleven pounds*; the largest price ever offered for a single, English book, unembellished with plates.

by the criterion of, what are technically called, *booksales* only. They should be told that, within the same seven months, thousands and tens of thousands of books of all sorts have been circulated by the *London booksellers*: and that, without travelling to know the number disposed of at Bristol, Liverpool, York, or Exeter, it may be only necessary to state that *one distinguished House* alone, established not quite a furlong beyond the railings of St. Paul's church, has sold not far short of *two hundred thousand volumes* within the foregoing period!!

If learning continue thus to thrive, and books to be considered as necessary furniture to an apartment; if wealthy merchants are resolved upon procuring large paper copies, as well as Indian spices and Russian furs; we may hail, in anticipation, that glorious period when the book-fairs of Leipsic shall be forgotten in the superior splendour of *those in London*.

I confess that this train of ideas particularly consoles me at the conclusion

of these my bibliographical labours. I rejoice to think that, in spite of revolutionary commotions abroad, and party bickerings at home, the love of knowledge still prevails—and the reputation of an author is considered as perfectly compatible with the character of a gentleman.

THOSE who are instrumental to the collection or preservation of libraries, confer a lasting benefit on their successors. Carriages, horses, dogs, and all their riotous accompaniments, are objects which a fool sometimes collects for a knave to dissipate: such property is rich to-day, and poor to-morrow. But it is not so with those pursuits connected with the preservation of literature: it is not so with the cultivation of intellectual refinement. This latter has been a constant theme of admiration, even with those who have had no inclination to pursue it: this latter has extorted praises from princes and from heroes; it has sometimes stopped the progress of human slaughter, and prevented the total

demolition of cities. Those Greeks, who could repeat the verses of EURIPIDES, were spared in the general massacre at Syracuse. And the house of PINDAR was twice preserved in the sacking of Thebes, from a reverence paid to the spot in which so great a genius once resided !

I AM not vain enough to suppose that my '*bibliographical memoranda*' can prove any thing like an incentive to very deep or very extensive literary research : No ; all the praise I seek, and all the happiness I hope for, is to be ranked among those who, in the language of an eminent foreign philologist, 'have caused books to be consulted, and knowledge to be diffused.'

British Gallery.

IN many of the preceding numbers of the Director, it is presumed that the pictures in this collection have been noticed with an attention due to their merits.

HAVING dilated somewhat largely on the principal ones, and having, it is hoped, sufficiently proved that **BRITISH GENIUS** requires only *British Patronage* to be more generally known and admired, I cannot take leave of this admirable collection (certainly the best modern one in exhibition for the last seven months) without calling on my countrymen to pay a just tribute of respect to the memory of **THAT ARTIST**, whose productions have so often graced *these walls*, and whose merits, at once original and various, have always found their way to the human heart.

“THE name of **MR. OPIE** has been enshrined in a weekly publication, called, ‘**THE ARTIST** :’ A sketch of his life and character has very justly formed a prominent feature in a work, devoted to those subjects connected with the rise and progress of the *Fine Arts* : panegyric, however, has not been fulsome ; nor has occasional censure been inappropriate, in the criticisms on **OPIE**’s painting.

THE productions of this artist * claim the peculiar merit of originality, when contrasted with those of others: but he too frequently copied from himself. His old men have great force, but not sufficient variety: his children are rarely playful, and sprightliness and the '*air joyeux*' are seldom the characteristics of his females. Though he grouped well, he always appeared to labour in the delineation of his separate characters: but this defect was rarely perceptible, from that magic of light and shade which he flung upon his historical compositions. He had great breadth and harmony of colouring; and sometimes successfully united the force of Rembrandt with the brilliancy of Reynolds. His portraits of men, particularly of *intellectual characters*, were most happily executed: for *mind* was the predominant expression of the physiognomy. Although less pathetic

* It is said that his *Lectures on Painting*, at the Royal Institution and at Somerset House, are to be published. Every one is confident of the success of their sale!

than Northcote, and less humorous than Smirke, he succeeded admirably in the delineation of '*Simple Tales*.' It is true, his characters rarely aspire to grandeur, and seldom captivate by the magic of grace or beauty; but Mr. Opie amply compensated for these deficiencies, by possessing a kind of legitimate taste, and sound manly judgment, which disdained to adopt the meretricious ornaments of the day. Time, which is hourly consigning to oblivion the puny efforts of little-minded artists, expands his wings, and throws aside his glass, to transport OPIE to the temple of perennial fame.

The fame that a man wins *himself*, is
best;

THAT he may call *his own*. Honours put
to him,

Make him no more a man than his clothes
do,

And are as soon ta'en off.

MIDDLETON.

LET us hope, in thus bidding 'Farewell' to the pencil of OPIE, that those, whose productions have graced these

walls, will not disdain to display his excellencies, and to revive his example. There are *some* to whom such an observation does not apply; but there are *more* to whom it may, with peculiar propriety, be addressed. The British School is young in fame; but the period of youth, if carefully watched and educated, may lead to a vigorous manhood, and venerable old age. We can write as well as Winkelman and Mengs, and paint much better than the latter artist: there is no fatality in the climate to prevent the expansion of genius; and as long as Reynolds and Gainsborough, Wilson and Romney, Barry and OPIE shall be remembered, so long may we be convinced of the powers and reputation of our countrymen.

The Patronage of THIS INSTITUTION has never been withheld; exclusively of its having been the channel of the sale of pictures to the amount of £4000 (*in one season only*;) it holds out other incentives to exertion and to excellence—as the following Resolution will evince.

‘ THE Directors of the British Institution have announced to those artists who attended as students in the British Gallery last summer, that, with a view to encourage their efforts in original composition, they propose to select three or more pictures from those which shall next summer be lent to the British Gallery; and to give a premium of £100 for the best original picture, proper in point of subject and manner to be a companion to either of such pictures; and to give a premium of £60 for such next best original picture as aforesaid; and a premium of £40 for the third in point of merit, of such original pictures as before mentioned: the comparative merit to be adjudged by a select committee, to be appointed by the Directors. And also that any picture painted for such premium may (if otherwise worthy) be exhibited for sale in the Gallery next winter, for the respective benefit of the artist.’

Printed by William Savage, Bedford Bury.

THE DIRECTOR.

No 24. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1807.

UT VARIAS USUS MEDITANDO EXTUNDERET ARTES.

VIRG.

To the Director.

Sir,

AN eminent modern Philosopher, the late Mr. Walter Shandy, has observed that there is a certain inien and motion of body and its parts, both in acting and speaking, which displays to the discerning eye what is passing within, and serves as an index to the mind; "I am not therefore," he adds, "at all surprised that

VOL. II. 3A.

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manufacture, it is easy enough to distinguish them by the images they refer to, and the arguments they employ. But when they adorn or disguise themselves with the feathers of others of their tribe; when they imitate the stile or jargon, and adopt the sense or nonsense, of their brethren, the most sagacious decypharer may be baffled and deluded in his conjecture.

A man's writings may be considered as his universal and perpetual representatives; displaying his character and peculiarities, his powers and his weakness, in whatever quarter of the globe, and in whatever age of the world, they may attract attention; and these will furnish an unfailing index of the writer's character, whenever the marks by which we distinguish, are such as are *unnoticed* by the party himself. While he remains unconscious of them, he has no means of varying, much less of entirely avoiding them. Indeed it would be quite imprudent for him to seek for information on

such a subject; as it is an obvious fact, that we all know a great deal more of our neighbours, than of ourselves; for while we are *benevolently* attending to the foibles of others, we very *disinterestedly* forget our own.

AFTER these introductory observations, I proceed to state, that I have discovered an *infallible criterion of detecting authors*, by inflexions and gradations of stile and manner, which, though unknown to themselves, and therefore incapable of disguise and concealment, are as inseparably and instinctively proper to each of them, as his own existence. In communicating this discovery, my modesty will not suffer me to expatiate fully on the application of it to literary purposes; as to the detection of *Junius*, or of the author of the *Heroic Epistle*:—to political objects; as ascertaining the writer of any speech in Parliament,—whether it was composed by the orator's tutor, or by the tutor's curate:—or to acts of charity, as the developing the real charac-

ter and condition of a begging correspondent. But I cannot help requesting the reader for a moment to reflect, what would be the advantage to society; and what the degree of sincerity and plain dealing between man and man, if from private letters, we could find out actual sentiments and intentions; and if we could enable members of Parliament and their constituents,—ministers and their dependents,—beauties and their lovers, reciprocally to understand each other's real meanings and motives;—and whether it would not put an end to that crooked policy and double dealing, which has done so much mischief among us, and go some way to restore the golden age of truth and virtue upon earth.

I now proceed to give evidence of the intrinsic value of my discovery, by informing you, not only who are the writers of the papers in the *DIRECTOR*, but what is the character, situation, and private history of each of them: trusting that

you will do me the justice to declare, how far my information is correct, by whatever art, *black or white*, you may suppose it to be obtained.—And in the first place, as to your papers No. 2, on the *Causes which have impeded the Progress of Antient Art*; No. 11, on the *Gaelic Poems in Ireland*, and No. 19, containing *Parallels between Art and Science*, though with varying signatures, I trace in them all, the same peculiarities of manner, and the same proof of identity. I discover that they are written by a person, bearing at an early period of life, the bloom, the flowers, and the fruits of genius; who, having distinguished himself even in boyhood for superiority of science, was called to an elevated and honourable philosophical situation, at an age when many begin their studies. Courted and beloved as he is in private life, and filling with honour to himself, and benefit to the public, appointments which very few at any period of life might venture to aspire to, I perceive that he retains an undi-

minished attachment to science and literature, together with perfect simplicity and modesty of manners.

In the author of your two papers on the *Connexion between Genius and Patronage*, and of three papers of anecdotes of *Eminent Antient Artists*, I perceive a long and successful attention to classic learning, and a critical skill in the Greek and Latin authors: I see the effects of a life assiduously devoted to literary research, and the advantages of an acute and discriminating mind. As all this, however, appears on the face of the compositions, and may be visible to any attentive eye, I take no merit from the statement of it. But my peculiar art has been employed in tracing the domestic history of this gentleman; and in endeavouring to appreciate the blessings which he derives from the happy connexion which he formed in early life: and I have reflected with a warm interest, on the providential interference under which

(wounded by deceit and treachery, the particulars of which, were I to read more of his works, I could easily trace) his health has been preserved, his literary labours relieved, and his spirits and his powers of mind invigorated, by connubial attention and affection, by social intercourse, and by the attachment of his friends.

Your two papers on *Antient Works of art* (No. 17. and 18) puzzled me a little at first. I find, however, they are written by a young clergyman, who has devoted his life to parochial and domestic duties; and I have discovered that his labours are not confined to the mere formal and public offices of the church:—that he allows no distressed or ignorant person in his parish to be neglected or forgotten; but carries religious comfort, friendly advice, and temporal relief, to all his necessitous and afflicted neighbours; at the same time attracting in numbers, the listless and unheeding, to the temple of God, and to his most solemn and sacred

service, not only by public exhortation, but by private instruction and personal attention;

Wins straying souls with modesty again;
Casts none away.——

THE three papers on the *Structure of our Theatres*, and on the *ballet of the Siege of Troy*, I will venture to say are written by a gentleman, who to an improved and cultivated taste unites a zeal for the fine arts, and a very enviable power of fostering and protecting them; who not only ranks with the *scientific amateur* in the study of the principles of design, but rivals the *professed artist* in detail and execution. I can see in minute and almost invisible marks, the warm glow of a mind, invigorated and stimulated by the contemplation of the classic remains of antiquity, in the genial soil which gave them birth.—Happy will it be for England, when our educated and opulent countrymen shall generally imitate his example; and direct the advantages which they derive from foreign travel, to the encouragement of

their own artists, and to the promotion of science, literature, and the arts, in our beloved and respected country.

IN your paper, No. 3, on the *Colossal Statue of Achilles*, I trace the production of a female mind, eminently conversant in works of taste, and animated by filial piety. It is however, or my skill deceives me, intermixed with touches of another, and not a female hand. The separation and distinction of the parts I might achieve by labour; but I shall forego, or at least delay the attempt, from a wish not to trespass too much on your time, or on that of your readers.

YOUR 13th paper on the *Moral Effects of Music*, I pronounce to be an insulated production. You would have done better, Mr. Director, and have afforded more pleasure to your readers, if you had given us, instead of one, many specimens from his hand; and at the same time you would have lessened my difficulty in decyphering the genius, character, and his-

tory of this writer. What, however, my skill has discovered of him, I will faithfully give. The author of the thirteenth number has been endued from his birth with talents of such a cast, that no branch of study could have been the object of his attention without eminence. He might have been a Virgil or a Martial, a Pliny or a Cicero. He would have succeeded as a poet, a painter, a sculptor, a musician, an historian, or a philosopher :

The world was all before him, where to choose.

Happily for this country, he has, (as I find by my art) consecrated his life to religious functions, and to moral and intellectual studies. The more you can induce him to write, the better it will be for mankind:—and I therefore blame you, excuse me, good Mr. DIRECTOR, for being content with a single production, when the interest of the community demanded many.

IN the *Bibliographiana*, the *Postscript to the Fly-flap*, the account of the *British*

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hours, which others sacrifice to public amusements, to social intercourse, to pleasure, to indolence, to repose*? His attention to literature, to Bibliographical knowledge, and to the fine arts, united with suavity of manners and facility of conversation, have made him known and respected. But he has not yet reaped those fruits and advantages, which it requires no prophetic character to foretell he will assuredly reap, whenever his merits and claims are fairly appreciated.

Before I conclude, it may be expected that I shall also notice the contents of your first and introductory number, the

* Quare quistandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum cæteris ad suas res obsequandas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis, conceditur temporum: quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis; quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero? CIC: PRO ARCHIA.

letter in No. 4 on the *Fly-flap*, (in which your correspondent has made an egregious mistake as to the right honourable author *), the three papers (No. 12, 13, and

* In your correspondent's conjectures as to the writer of this little *Jeu d'Esprit*, he is as much mistaken, as the author of the *Fly-flap*, is about the editor of the Director. The initials apply not to any assumed, but to a real character,—not to a foreign adventurer, but to a gentleman descended from the very first class of our nobility; and the work was dictated, not by the desire of debasing, but of improving our own artists. As an additional proof of my art, if further evidence is wanting, I will give you as much of his history, as my skill can derive from so short a paper. The second son of an antient and noble family, he devoted himself, from early youth, to intellectual attainments. He spent an early part of his life, with some peculiar domestic advantages, in those parts of Europe, where the FINE ARTS have been most cultivated and honoured; and he there acquired that liberal and disinterested affection for them, that looks to their prevalence as the ornament and pleasure of mankind, independent of soil or country, or of associations of individuals. At the same time he saw that their first progress in modern Italy and in antient Rome, depended on importations of artists, and examples of art, from Greece; and analogy at least authorized the supposition, that the same mode might be successful in this country. I discover further by my

20) on the *Drama*; that upon *Good Living*, and the *Life of Mr. Thomas Proctor*. As to these, though I know the author as well as I know myself, and am in habits of intimacy with him, yet I shall say nothing about him. My affection for him is warm and permanent, and I am in his confidence. I cannot therefore persuade myself to reveal all I know of him. To caricature the *person* of an author, and to advertise his *foibles* and *imperfections*,

art, that since his return to his native land, he has embraced many and many opportunities of assisting both English and foreign artists, and of being the friend and protector of talent and genius; and has opened for the learned and curious the most splendid mineralogical collection which this country possesses. With these circumstances before us, we must respect the opinions of such a man, even though we deny the authority; and while we consider the warping of prejudice, which has hitherto prevailed with many of our countrymen in favour of foreign artists, the indisposition to native talents, and the desire of exalting what is extraneous and remote, we shall never class with *culprits* like these (who deal in the refuse of all the polygraphic manufactures in Europe) an individual, whose clear and distinct object is to promote and improve the fine arts in his native country.

would have too much the air of a modern editor: and therefore, because both offences in him, which thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, I shall let him continue, and reserve what I have to say on this subject to a more convenient opportunity.

In the mean time I beg leave to subscribe myself, with unfeigned regard and esteem,

My dear Director,

Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

TRISMEGISTUS SECUNDUS.

P. S. WHEN you have nothing better to do, you may as well tell your readers why, as you are, many, you have not taken the name of the *Directory*, or the *Director's Club*, or simply of the *Club*? And why, after having announced the *fine arts* as your principal subject, you have dealt more in literary subjects; and how far the publication of the *Artist* is con-

cerned in this matter? Speaking of the Artist, I should tell you, that I originally intended to have applied my art to the detection of the writers in that paper. But as they announced at first, and have continued to announce, that "each essay will have the signature of its author," I thought that, after much labour, I should have no merit in the discovery; as the editor would have informed the public; that each essay *had really the signature of the author*, but that my weak eyes could not perceive it.

T. S.

Mr correspondent's suggestion of the adoption of the name of CLUB is deserving of consideration; and his conjecture, with regard to some variation which has taken place in the selection of subjects for the Director, is correct and just. I consider the *Artist* as a publication; which may be of great use in this country, and I trust that it will not be given up.

If *Trismegistus*, had possessed as much of personal acquaintance, as he does of occult science, the initials affixed to the different papers in the *Artist* would have supplied, ~~without conjecture,~~ the names of the authors, and he would have found among the contributors, men of the first eminence, in the different walks of art and literature. He would have found the compositions of two of our most successful dramatists; of six of the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy; of a gentleman to whom the Director is indebted for several communications, and of a philosopher whose researches have added to the treasures of science in modern Europe. A work like *THE ARTIST*, will always be wanted in this country, to vindicate the pretensions of the liberal arts,—to direct and purify the national taste,—to impress the public mind with respect for the *GRAPHIC MUSE*, and for her *intellectual* and *exalted* powers,—and at the same time to teach her votary to *reverence himself*, and to look to superior excellence and

and to look to superior excellence and
teach her votary to reverence herself,
—and at the same time to
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and of a philosopher whose researches
is indebted for several communications,
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have given birth to a new school of art,
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in its subdued richness, which could be
of the mind, infusing into it a new
lasting glow, as if it were a living being.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Vol. 100, Part 1, 1970
CONTENTS
The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute
is published twice a year in May and November.
Subscription prices (including postage) are
£12.00 per annum in advance for institutions
and £6.00 for individuals ordering direct from
the publishers and certifying that the journal
is for their personal use. Single parts cost
£3.00 net. Orders, which must be accompanied
by payment, may be sent to a bookseller or
to the publishers, Messrs. Taylor & Francis
Ltd., One Gunpowder Square, London E.C.4A.
The publishers accept no responsibility for
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the articles published in the Journal.

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ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
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Ltd., One Gunpowder Square, London E.C.4A.
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INDEX.

A.

- ACADEMY Royal**, i. 23. List of students who have obtained the gold medal from the commencement of its establishment, *ib.* 315, 341.
- Achilles**, Colossal Statue of, i. 65.
- Allen**, Mr. his Lectures at the Royal Institution, i. 27.
- Artist**, a publication so called, ii. 362. Advantages of the same, and its proper objects, *ib.* 383-4.
- Artists**, importance of encouraging living ones, i. 16, 17. Eminent antient ones, alphabetically arranged and treated of in a series of five essays. See 'Essays'.
- Arts and Sciences**, their influence on the human mind, i. 3. Causes that affected the progress of them among the ancients, Essay on, i. 33. Proposed Establishment for the Fine Arts, i. 140.
- Askew**, Dr. Anthony, Account of his Library, ii. 275. His Love of Books, ii. 285. His MSS. *ib.* 286.

B.

- Banks**, the late Sculptor; some account of his life and works, i. 70, 71, 72.
- Beau**, the Modern, divided into ten classes, i. 285 to 289.
- Beggar's Opera**, bad tendency of, ii. 79.
- Belle**, the Modern, divided into eight classes, i. 289, 302.
- BIBLIOGRAPHIANA**. Account of Booksales, with Anecdotes of curious Books, and Collectors of them, i. 79, 114, 146, 176, 206, 247, 272, 303, 329, 364. ii. 44, 82, 115, 141, 170, 268, 305, 347.
- Black Letter**, *fi.* 88. Praise of, ii. 349-50.
- Books**, first editions, large paper, and illustrated copies, i. 116, 117, 118. Book-binding, i. 140. Printed on vellum, i. 120, 274. Praise of books in general, ii. 345-9. Sometimes chained, ii. 348. (Note.) Application to, ii. 351. Booksales by Messrs. Leigh & Sotheby, King & Lochee, and Stewart. ii. 355-6, 7.

INDEX.

- Brand, Rev. John, late Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries,
Account of his books, ii. 83. Prices which some of them
brought at the sale, ii. 270, 306.
- Brydges, Mr. John, Account of the Sale of his Library, i. 178.
Biographical Notice of, i. 183.
- Britain, State of the Arts in, ii. 39.
- Bryant, William, Account of the Sale of his Books, ii. 83.

C.

- Caxton, various editions of, ii. 314, 316. his 'Knight of the
Toune,' ii. 358.
- Cervantes, his Don Quixote alluded to, i. 5, 6.
- Collins, Antony, Esq. the Freethinker, some account of his li-
brary, ii. 45.
- Comedy, origin of the term, i. 351 (in note).
- Crotch, Dr. his Lectures 'On Music,' delivered at the Royal In-
stitution, i. 24, 60.
- Crowe, Rev. Mr. Analyses of his Lectures 'On Poetry,' deliver-
at the Royal Institution, i. 27, 283, 285, 311, to 314, 375,
377. ii. 25, 54, 93, 123.
- Cumberland, Mr. R. Tendency of his Plays, i. 361.

D.

- Davy, Mr. Analyses of his Lectures 'On Vegetable Chemistry,
and the Chemical Phenomena of Nature,' delivered at the
Royal Institution, i. 28, 42, 87, 154, 185, 218, 253, 314, 379;
ii. 27, 55, 92, 150, 177.
- De Bury, Richard, some Account of, i. 185.
- Dilein, Rev. Mr. Analyses of his Lectures 'On the History of
English Literature,' delivered at the Royal Institution, i. 24,
57, 83, 126, 154, 157.
- Director, The, Explanation of the Title, i. 7, 172. (note.)
- Dormer, Sir Clement Cottrell, some Account of his Library, ii.
115.
- Drama, Remarks on, i. 349. ii. 65, 225.
- Dramatic Poetry, Analyses of Mr. Crowe's Lectures thereon,
i. 283, 285.

INDEX.

E.

ESSAYS CONTAINED IN THE DIRECTOR.

VOL. I.

1. Introductory, 3.
2. Causes of the Progress of Antient Art, 33.
3. Banks's Statue of Achilles, 65.
4. Connexion between Genius and Patronage, 97.
5. The same, 129.
6. Eminent Antient Artists, 161. On the Structure of our Theatres, 171.
7. The Life of Proctor, the Sculptor, 193.
8. Sketches of Modern Characters, 225. On the Structure of our Theatres, 240.
9. On the Art of Good Living, 257.
10. Further Sketches of Modern Characters, 289.
11. On the Gaelic Poems of Ireland, 321.
12. On the Drama, 349.

VOL. II.

- 13 On the Moral Effects of Music, 1.
- 14 Eminent Antient Artists, 33.
- 15 On the Drama, 65.
- 16 A Walk in London, 97.
- 17 Of Antient Works of Art, 139.
- 18 The same, 157.
- 19 Parallels between Art and Science, 193. Utility of Remains of Antiquity, 198. On neglected English Literature, 206.
- 20 On the Drama, 225. On neglected English Literature, 243.
- 21 Eminent Antient Artists, 257.
- 22 The Mirror of Truth, 289.
- 23 The Alarmist, 321. On the Structure of our Theatres, 329.
- 24 Discovery of the Authors of the foregoing Essays, by their different Styles, 367.

F.

- Fashionable Friends, remarks on this play, ii. 75.
- Fletwode, William, Esq. Sale of his Library, ii. 469.
- Fly-~~leaf~~, a Postscript, in reply to a pamphlet so called, i. 52.
- Letter to the Director upon the same, i. 110. Author of the pamphlet described, ii, 380.

INDEX.

Folkes, Martin, Esq. President of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, account of his Library, i. 330.

G.

GALLERY, BRITISH. Account of this Institution, and of the Pictures exhibited there, i. 29, 62, 91, 139, 158, 190, 221, 235, 237, 318, 342. ii. 28, 58, 124, 151, 178, 361. Advantages of, i. 204, 365. Premiums given for Original and Copied Pictures, i. 318, 366.

Gough, Mr. his Library noticed, ii. 148.

Graphic Muse, Powers and Objects of, i. 9. Her present unworthy Occupation, i. 13.

Greece, antient State of the Arts in, i. 36.

Guest, Mr. Douglas, Analyses of his Lectures, '*On the State of the Fine Arts in Spain, and other Parts of the Continent,*' i. 186, 220, 308.

H.

Handel, Moral Effects of his Music. See the Essay on this subject, ii. 1.

Harley, Earl of Oxford. Account of his Library, &c. i. 406, 247, 272.

Henley, Mr. John, called Orator Henley, some account of his Library, ii. 86. His Character, *ib.* 88. &c.

Hoare, (Mr. P.) his Inquiry into the State of the Fine Arts, i. 8.

Hoblyn, Robert, Esq. some account of his Library, ii. 117.

I.

INSTITUTION, ROYAL, Analyses of Lectures delivered there. See the names of the Lecturers: Allen, Cretch, Crowe, Davy, Dibdin, Guest, Wood. Account of the Library. i. 47.

Institution, London, Arrangement of the Library, i. 28.

Institution, British. See British Gallery.

Italy, State of the Arts in, i. 37.

K.

Kuster, Anecdote of, ii. 352.

L.

Landsdowne Manuscripts. Importance of making them national property, ii. 173. Preface to the Catalogue of the MSS. published by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, extracted, *ibid.*

INDEX:

Licensing of Theatres, Observations upon, ii. 241.
Literature, reflections on the advantages of, ii. 360.
London, A Walk in—giving some account of the streets, shops,
fashionable furniture, &c. ii. 105.
Lovers' Vows, strictures on this play, ii. 69, 228.

M.

Magliabechi, some account of, ii. 318, (note), 353.
Manson, Mr. a knowing bookseller in black letter, and prints,
ii. 316, (note.)
Mead, Dr. Account of his Library, i. 303, to 310.
Messiah, Beauties of Handel's Oratorio, so called, ii. 13.
Museum, British, i. 21.

N.

Nelson, Mr. Robert, his praise of Harley, Earl of Oxford,
i. 280.

O.

Opie, Remarks on his Paintings, ii. 362. His reputation, ii.
364
Osborne, Thomas, (the bookseller), i. 209, to 216.

P.

Palace of Pleasure, by W. Painter; some account of a book so
called, i. 81.
Paradise of Dainty Devises; some account of a book so called,
i. 81.
Proctor, Mr. Thomas, (the sculptor); some account of, i. 193.

Q.

Quarles, Francis, Extracts from his 'Meditations, Soliloquies
and Prayers'.—Account of this work, ii. 206—243.

R.

Ratcliffe, John, Esq. Account of his Library, ii. 310. Compari-
son between Mr. West's and Mr. Ratcliffe's Collection, ii. 316.
Biographical notice of, 317.
Rawlinson, Dr. Richard, Account of his Library, i. 365.

S.

Satyres: Bp. Hall's work of toothless and biting Satires, i. 83.

INDEX.

Scarburgh (Sir Charles) Account of the Sale of his Books,
i. 146, 176.

Schiller, his play of the Robbers, ii. 235.

Sebright, Sir John, Sale of the duplicates of his Books, i. 330,
ii. 523.

Shakspeare, Character of his plays—in regard to their moral
tendency, i. 361.

Smith, Joseph, Esq. Consul at Venice; some account of his Li-
brary, ii. 48.

Society, Royal, i. 18, 19, 46.

Society, Antiquarian, i. 20, 21.

Specimens of Art, importance of their being good ones, i. 11.

Stafford, Marquis of, Utility of the Exhibition of his collection
of Paintings, i. 11.

Style of writing—modes of discovering the different authors of
the Essays in the Director, thereby, ii. 371.

Stranger, Remarks on the play so called, ii. 236.

Students in painting, divided into three classes, i. 12.

Subjects for the pencil—various ones defined, i. 14, 15.

T.

Theatres, On the Structure of the English, i. 171, 240.

Tillotson's, Abp. Account of the Sale of his Books, i. 151.

Tragedy, Origin of the term, i. 352 (in note).

V.

Vellum, Sir Vicary, his Walk in London, ii. 97.

W.

West, James, Esq. President of the Royal Society. Account of
his Library, ii. 118, 141. Biographical notice of, ii. 170.

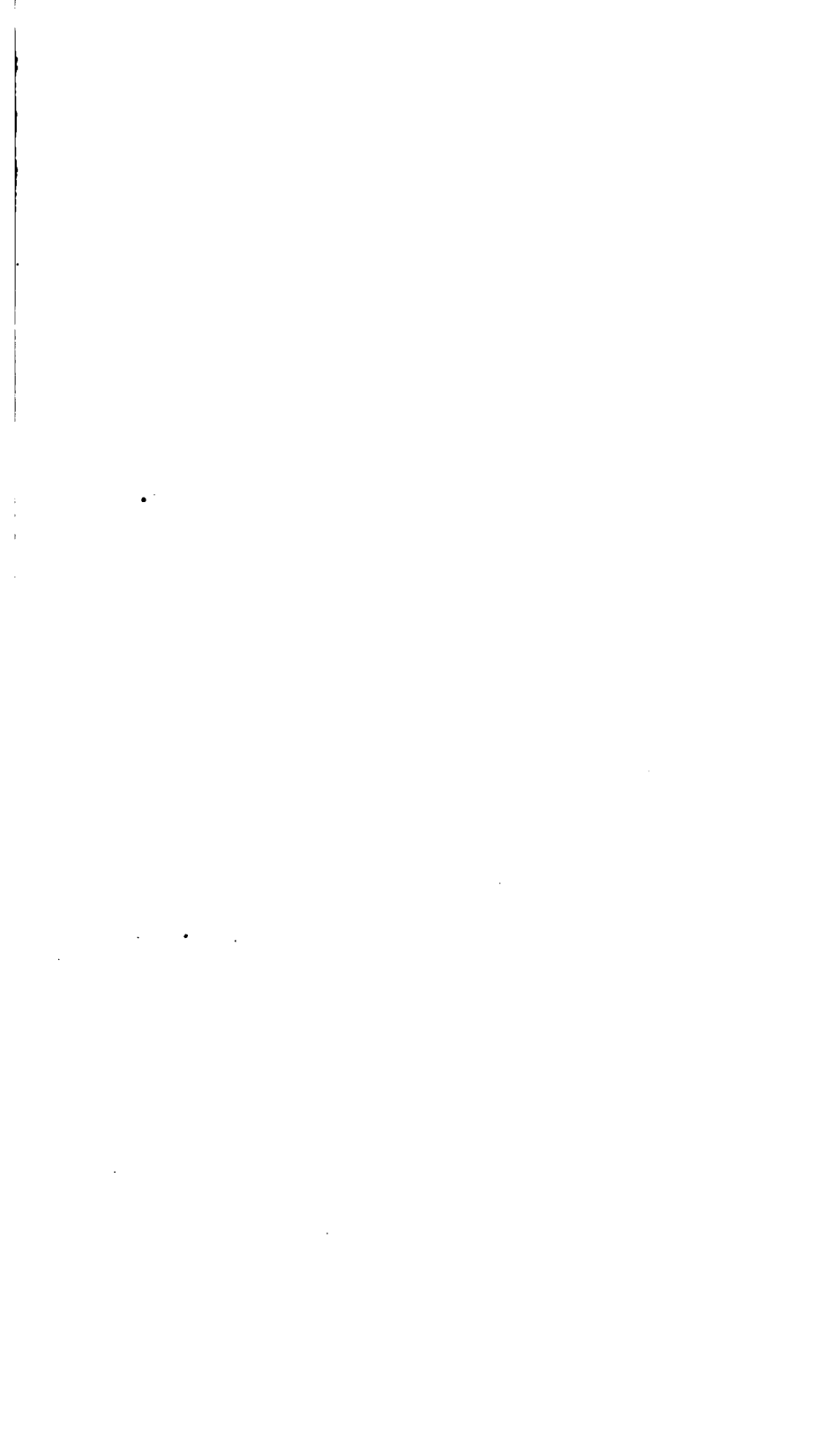
Williams, Dr. Some account of his Library, called 'the Dissent-
ers' Library,' ii. 44 (note).

Wood, Mr. Analyses of his Lectures at the Royal Institution, 'On
Perspective,' i. 187, 189, 219, 282, 311, 341, 378, ii. 26.

Z.

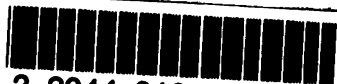
Zouche, Sir Timothy, an Alarmist, ii. 322.

Printed by William Savage,
Bedford Bury.









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